FIFTH DRAFT SCREENPLAY

8.1.62

"DR. NO"

From the Novel by Ian Fleming

Screenplay by

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J. M. Harwood

Producers: HARRY SALTZMAN
A. R. BROCCOLI

EON FILM PRODUCTIONS
LIMITED

FADE IN:

1. EXT. KINGSTON JAMAICA, KING STREET. MED LONG SHOT. DAY

SHOOTING ALONG KING STREET.

Emerging from the pedestrian and traffic bustle, THREE BLIND BEGGARS shuffle slowly forward toward DAMERA. They are Chinese Negroes, bulky but bowed men tapping the pavement tentatively with their white sticks. The FIRST MAN, who wears sunglasses and is presumable not altogether sightless, walks in front holding a tin cup against the crook of the stick in his left hand. The right hand of the SECOND MAN rests on his shoulder, and the right hand of the THIRD MAN on the shoulder of the SECOND. The eyes of the SECOND and THIRD MEN are shut. They are dressed in rags and wear dirty baseball caps with long peaks.

As they approach the far side of the arch a WELL-DRESSED PEDESTRIAN drops a coin into the FIRST MAN's cup.

FIRST BEGGAR
Bless you, Master.

2nd & 3rd BEGGARS
(mumbled chorus)
Bless you, Master.

They move forward. As they reach foreground SUPERIMPOSE THE MAIN TITLES. As the TITLES CONTINUE, the THREE BEGGARS move out of the scene.

2-5. SERIES OF DISSOLVES BEHIND TITLES

The THREE BEGGARS shuffling through varied Kingston locales. Harbour Street, where they stop at a corner until a PEDESTRIAN directs them across when the traffic light changes: Victoria Market, past shops and booths: a slum area, with brown-skinned GIRLS lounging in the entrance of sleaxy bars. (ONE OF THEM drops a coin in the cup.) Each scene has become increasingly darker as the late afternoon wanes. As the TITLES END...

6. EXT. KINGSTON. QUEEN'S CLUB. FULL SHOT. DAY

A substantial multi-storeyed building set back from the main road. In a small curved driveway stand two or three

6. Continued

motor cars. As wearily the THREE BLIND MEN come to a halt CAMERA PANS UP to sign:

"QUEEN'S CLUB"
PRIVATE. MEMBERS ONLY.

7. INT. QUEEEN's CLUB. VERANDAH. MED. SHOT. DUSK

FOUR MEN are playing bridge: JOHN STRANGWAYS, R.N. (ret.) Caribbean Universal Exports Agent, or, less discreetly, the local representative of the British Secret Service. He is a tall, lean man with a black patch over his right eye, and the sort of acquiline good looks associated with the bridge of a destroyer; PLEYDELL-SMITH, the Colonial Secretary, a youngish, shaggy-haired man with bright boyish eyes, enthusiastic and energetic; PROFESSOR DENT, forty, distinguished-looking - a metallurgist by profession; and POTTER, a recently-arrived business man from London.

STRANGWAYS
(laying down last card and collecting up trick)
And that's it.
(picks up pencil)
Hundred honours and ninety below.

PROF. DENT
(smiling)
Nicely done, Strangways.

STRANGWAYS
(glancing at watch and rising)
Afraid I must leave you for a few minutes. Order a round on me, will you, Professor.

POTTER
(querulously)
Damn it all! Must you break off at this time every evening?

7. Continued

STRANGWAYS
Sorry, Potter, my Manging Director is a creature of habit. He ahs a call booked through to me every evenign about this time.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Hurry back, old boy, before the cards get cold.

STRANGWAYS
(smiling)
Twenty minutes....and don't try doctoring a hand for me while I'm away.

He walks briskly out of scene.

POTTER
(still peevish)
What is his wretched Company, anyway?

PROF. DENT
(clicking fingers for WAITER)
He's the Caribbean Agent for Universal Exports.....
(to WAITER as he arrives at table)
The usual.

POTTER
Universal Exports? Nvever heard of them.

8. EXT. QUEEN'S CLUB. ENTRANCE. MED. SHOT. DUSK

STRANGWAYS emerges. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH HIM as he strides briskly along the path towards the drive. CAMERA HOLDS as he reaches it. He looks up, hearing the tapping of the BEGGARS' sticks. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE THEM, walking as before in signle file. As they approach him, he takes a coin out of his pocket and drops it in the FIRST MAN'S cup.

1st BEGGAR
Bless you, Master.

8. Continued

2nd & 3rd BEGGARS
Bless you, Master.

CAMERA PANS STRANGWAYS past the BEGGARS toward his car, a Sunbeam Alpine, taking the car keys out of his pocket. The tapping of the sticks suddenly ceases. STRANGWAYS turns partially back to the, the moment of silence registering.

9. WHAT HE SEES. THE THREE BEGGARS

They have swivelled towards him. The BACK TWO fan out. Three revolvers, ungainly with their silencers, are whipped out of holsters concealed in their rags. With disciplined precision, they fire. The trhee COUGHING PLUNKS are almost one.

10. EXT. QUEEN'S CLUB. SIDEWALK. MED. CLOSE SHOT. STRANGWAYS. DUSK

Hit between the shoulders, ion the small of the back, and the pelvis, his body is hurled forward as if it had been kicked. STRANGWAYS twitches once then lies still in the small puff of dust from the sidewalk. OVER THE SQUEAL OF TYRES rounding a corner. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS AND PANS SWIFTLY TO A KINGY MOTOR HEARSE with black plumes flying from the four corners of the roof as it speeds TOWARDS CAMERA.

11. EXT. QUEEN'S CLUB. THREE BEGGARS. STRANGWAYS' BODY. DUSK

The BEGGARS are picking up the BODY as the hearse skids to a stop beside them. The double doors at the back are open; so is the plain deal coffin inside.

12. EXT. HEARSE. DUSK

CUT TO THE DRIVER, a Chinese Negro, watching them.

DRIVER
(nervously)
Hurry it u p, boys....

13. EXT. HEARSE. MED. SHOT. DUSK

The THREE CHINESE NEGROES manhandle STRANGWAYS' body into

13. Continued

the hearse, pick up their white sticks, throw them inside, climb in after them, close the doors behind them.

1st BEGGAR
(to DRIVER)
Go, man!

14. EXT. HEARSE. DUSK

The DRIVER lets in the clutch. The hearse starts to move.

15. EXT. HEARSE. MED. SHOT. DUSK

The OTHER THREE jump the BODY into the coffin and cover it with the lid. Then they sit down on three of the four little seats at the corners of the coffin. They pick up the roomy black alpaca coats hung over the backs of the seats and put them on. The baseball caps are replaced by black top hats.

16. EXT. RICHMOND ROAD. MED. LONG SHOT. DUSK

The eharse mades a decorous-U-turn and moves at a sedate speed along the street. The three "MOURNERS" are seated bolt upright with their arms crossed piously over their hearts. AS the hearse turns a corner and disappears....

DISSOLVE TO:

17. EXT. STRANGWAYS HOUSE. FULL SHOT. DUSK

A neat white house with a comfortable verandah on the junction below Stony Hill.

INSERT: MAILBOX LETTERED. STRANGWAYS

18. INT. STRANGEWAYS HOUSE. INNER OFFICE. MED CLOSE SHOT. DUSK

MARY PRESCOTT, STRANGWAYS' secretary and No. 2, a striking-looking young woman despite her tailored dress, is seated at a powerful VHF ultra-short-wave radio which is disclosed in an alcove behind a sliding bookcase. She wears a head-set with large foam rubber earpads. (About the size of saucers.) This is necessary as the signal from London in the absence of major amplifying equipment (very bulky) will be fairly faint, so all local noise has to be out to a minimum. Mesh mouthpiece attached plus, if absolute accuracy is desirable, a "larynxapad" touching

18. Continued

her neck under her chin. A second, identical head-set lies on a chair beside her ready for STRANGWAYS' use. A safe is open beside her. There are the usual office accoutrements; a desk, chairs, filing cabinets, typewriter table nearby, etc. The Venetian jalousies are closed.

MARY
("searching" fine adjustment dial)
WXN.....WXN.....WXN calling WWW....
How do you hear me? Over.

She listens.....making final minute adjustment.

MARY
WXN.....WXN.....WXN.....Roger. Receiving you loud and clear strength four WWW.....Over....

She lifts her head, pulls earpad away from one ear as she hears a car stopping outside, then returns pad and turns back to dial as VOICE comes up through static.

MARY
WXN to WWW.....ready now to transmit... Stand by.....I say again, ready now to transmit....

She has taken up second headphone and swivels in chair smiling.

From HER ANGLE, the big FIRST CHINESE NEGRO stands in the doorway. He holds a gun on her (silencer fixed).

After a frozen moment MARY opens her mouth to scream, but the MAN smiles broadly and, slowly measuring her with the gun, shoots her three times in the chest.

As she slumps sideways to the floor the headphones slip from her head and fall. For a second or so the tiny chirrup of London calling sounds loud in the room. Then it cuts off.

The CHINESE NEGRO looks down at MARY's body with satisfaction, then carefully blows the cordite fumes away from

18. Continued

the silencer (so they won't make his clothes smell) before putting gun away.

He stands back, beckons to the OTHER TWO CHINESE NEGROES to enter.

They move to MARY's body, pick it up and carry it out of the room. There is a small pool of blood on the floor where she lay.

The FIRST CHINESE NEGRO looks around, opens a couple of drawers, checks their contents, sees a filing cabinet against the wall, crosses to it, forces the lock skillfully with a "Bateman Jemmy" ; the cabinet springs open. He rifles quickly through files, doesn't find what he is after at first - stoops and peers at back of filing drawer - puts arm right in out of sight - pulls out three or four files - checks through lthem and finally selects two. We clearly see their headings:

CRAB KEY

DOCTOR NO

The MAN shuts the cabinet again, glances round, hurres out after OTHERS.

FADE TO:

19. EXT. LONDON. RADIO TOWER. FULL SHOT. NIGHT

The Tower is on the roof of the M.I.6. building, a square eight-storey structure near Regent's Park. Beyond it the London skyline is visible.

20. INT. M.I.6. BUILDING. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM. MED. SHOT. NIGHT

Half a dozen RADIO OPERATORS are seated in front of an equal number of sets, each separatedd from the other by a glass partition. They are sending and receiving messages from all parts of the world. CAMERA moves in closer on lst OPERATOR, who is removing his headphones, looking worried. He presses a buzzer marked "Emergency". He reaches for a telephone.

lst OPERATOR
(into phone)
Urgent. M.I.6. RT Control....

21. INT. M.I.6 BUILDING. CMMUNICATIONS ROOM. MED SHOT. NIGHT.

At one end of the Communications Room a MESSAGE RUNNER, a yound woman with her shirtsleeves rolled up, quickly gets up from her desk in reaction to the buzzer and crosses to 1ST OPERATOR. He swivels his chair around to give MESSAGE RUNNER a slip of paper.

1ST OPERATOR
Foreman of Signals. Urgent

He swivels back to his radio set. MESSAGE RUNNER crosses past the rest of the operators to the near end of the Communications Room. Behind a large cntrol console is seated the FOREMAN OF SIGNALS. His station is separated from the rest of the room by a large glass partition bearing his title. MESSAGE RUNNER hands the paper to FOREMAN OF SIGNALS.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
Right. Get me the M.I.6. radio security control.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS gets up and crosses towards 1ST OPERATOR.

22. INT. M.I.6 BUILDING. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM. MED CLOSE SHOT. NIGHT

The FOREMAN OF SIGNALS is leaning over the shoulder of 1ST OPERATOR. He swivels toward FOREMAN and takes off headphones.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
What is it?

1ST OPERATOR
WXN Kingston, Jamaica broken contact, sir. Just after they came up on routine transmission.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
Broken or faded?

1ST OPERATOR
Broken, fir, just voice. The carrier-wave is still established.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
Have you checked on both emergency frequencies?

1ST OPERATOR
Yes, sir. No voice on either. I'm still calling.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
Well, keep trying. Let me know as soon as they come up again.

22. Continued.

1ST OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

1ST OPERATOR swivels back to radio set and puts on headphones

23. INT. M.I.6. BUILDING. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM. MED. SHOT. NIGHT.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS walks quickly to the far end of the Communications Room. The MESSAGE RUNNER is standing behind a small console with a phone receiver in her hand. She hands phone to FOREMAN.

FOREMAN OF SIGNALS
Foreman of Signals, sir. Oh, Jamaica's broken off mid-transmission...No, sir, its not a technical fault...Yes, sir...Will you tell him, sir? Very good.

24. and 25 omitted.

26. EXT. LE CERCLE CASINO. BRASS NAME PLAQUE. CLOSE SHOT. NIGHT.

CAMERA moves in closer.

DISSOLVE TO:

27. INT. LE CERCLE CASINO. ENTRANCE FOYER. MED. SHOT. NIGHT.

Official looking MAN in a business suit is walking past the desk of the Club Registrar. Registrar gets up and approaches MAN.

REGISTRAR
Excuse me, sir. Are you a member?

MAN
No, I'm looking for Mr. James Bond.

REGISTRAR
What name shall I say, sir?

MAN
Just give him my card, will you?

MAN gives REGISTRAR business card. REGISTRAR points off right.

27. Continued.

REGISTRAR
Would you like to leave your coat over there, sir?

MAN crosses right. REGISTRAR starts to cross left into Casino.

28. INT. LE CERCLE CASINO. GAMING ROOM. MED SHOT. NIGHT.

REGISTRAR walks past couples who are watching a number of different games being played simultaneously at cordoned-off tables. Everyone is in evening dress. REGISTRAR continues to the far end of the gaming room.

29. INT. LE CERCLE CASINO. GAMING ROOM. BACCARAT TABLE. MED. SHOT. NIGHT.

A large high-ceilinged rococo room crowded with obvious cafe society. Most of the MEN are in dinner jackets. The WOMEN in evening gowns. The chemin-de-fer tables are full and surrounded by ONLOOKERS. There is a glitter

29. Continued

of expensive jewellery; the tense atmosphere and subjued conversational hum characteristic of places where people gamble for high stakes. Now and then a particularly large or critical coup produces a momentary buzz of excitement.

30. INT. GAMING ROOM. TOP STAKES TABLE. MED. SHOT. NIGHT

The MAN holding the bank has his back to CAMERA, a large stack of gambling chips in front of him. In direct contrast the stack in front of SYLVIA TRENCHARD has dwindled to a very few. She is willowy, exquisitely gowned, with a classic, deceptively cold beauty. At the moment the game seems to have developed into a personal contest which the CROUPIER and ONLOOKERS are watching with fascinated interest.

SYLVIA

Carte.

The MAN slips her a card. looks across at her casually. He examines his hand, draws another card, leaves it face upwards. The CROUPIER turns over SYLVIA's cards. She has seven.

SYLVIA smiles confidently.

CROUPIER

Seven.

He turns over the man's cards. The man has an eight.

There is a murmur from the ONLOOKERS as the CROUPIER racks the chips towards the MAN, whom we still have not seen. BOND takes a cigarette from a flat gun-metal case on the table beside him.

CROUPIER

Bank of eight hundred.

There is another murmur from the ONLOOKERS.

SYLVIA

(cool)

Suivi.

30. Continued

BOND hides his surprise at her rapid follow-up - deals their cards from the shoe. There is tense silence. The CROUPIER turns their cards over. SYLVIA has a six - BOND eight again. The CROUPIER rakes the chips towards BOND. There are now only very few left in front of SYLVIA.

CROUPIER
Bank of sixteen hundred.

There is another murmur from the ONLOOOKERS. BOND looks round the table for any takers. No-one moves.

SYLVIA
(glancing across at him enigmatically)
Suivi....

BOND looks at her, frankly surprised this time. His eyes drop to her small pile of chips.

SYLVIA
The house will cover the difference.

BOND glances at the CROUPIER, who nods almost imperceptibly. Again BOND (whom we ahve still not seen front-view) deals.

SYLVIA

Carte.

BOND gives her another card. It is five. BOND's cards are turned. He has two kings. He takes another. It is a seven. The CROUPIER rakes the chips over to him again.

BOND deliberately breaks the tension by taking out his cigarette case and offering it to SYLVIA.

BOND
I admire your courage, Miss....?

SYLVIA
(taking a cigarette)
Trench....Sylvia Trench...

He lights her cigarette.

SYLVIA
And I admire your luck, Mr....?

30. Continued.

BOND
(as he brings the lighter up to his own cigarette, and for the first time we see his face)
Bond....James Bond.

Their eyes meet, appraisingly. Then a man comes up behind BONDand bends down to whisper something. BOND listens attentively, nods, rises.

BOND
(to croupier)
Afraid I'll have to pass the shoe.
Andree
(to SYLVIA)
Forgive me...an urgent matter.

He gets up - she gets up and joins him.

SYLVIA
(meaningly)
Too bad. Just as it was getting interesting.

BOND
(amused by her obvious pass)
Do you play anything else but Chemin de Fer?

SYLVIA
Golf occasionally.

BOND
How about a game tomorrow.
(slight pause)
and dinner afterwards?

SYLVIA
Its tempting. May I let you know in the morning?

BOND
(taking a card from his pocket and handking it to her)
Fine....Here's my card....give me a call...

He smiles, moves away. SYLVIA watches him go thoughtfully.

30. Continued.

SYLVIA
(to herself)
Maybe I will....

DISSOLVE TO:

31. INT. M.I.6. BUILDING. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE NIGHT. ON ONE 'ALL A SIGN "UNIVERSAL EXPORTS".

BOND hurries down corridor into office.

32. INT. M.I.6. RECEPTION ROOM. NIGHT.

BOND
(entering)
Hi....Moneypenny....

MISS MONEYPENNY registers relief.

MONEYPENNY
James, where on earth have you been? We've been scouring London for you....

MISS MONEYPENNY presses intercom button.

MISS MONEYPENNY
Double-07 is here now, sir....
(inarticulate acknowledgement. She turns to BOND)
He'll see you in a moment...

BOND
What gives?

MISS MONEYPENNY
(calming down now shwe has announced him)
Me....given an ounce of encouragement.
(she takes in his appearance with mock admiration)
You never take me out looking like that, James....
(deep sigh)
You never take me out, period.

BOND
I'd take you out tomorrow, only I'd have me courtmartialled for illegal use of Government property.

32. Continued.

MISS MOENYPENNY
Flattery'll get you nowhere...
but don't stop trying...

BOND
(with a grin)
So what's all the do about this evening?

MISS MONEYPENNY
(suddenly serious)
Strangways. It looks serious. We've been burning the air between here and Jamaica for the last three hours...
(a light goes up on her inter-com)
In you go....

33. INT. M'S OFFICE. ED. SHOT. NIGHT.

M. is at his dest. He is a man in his middle fifties, well-set up, with something of the Navy about him. He is working cn some papers. An unlighted pipe is in his mouth.

BOND
Good evening sir.

M.
(without looking up)
It happens to be three a.m.
(he darts a glance all-seeing, at BOND)
(notices clothes)
When do you sleep, 007?

BOND
Never in the Firm's time, sir.

M.
(sharply)
Sit down....

BOND sits. M. finishes the draft he is on, puts it to one side. Looks at BOND again.

32. Continued.

M.
Jamaica went off the air tonight... just like that
(snaps fingers)
Right in the middle of their opening procedure. We've checked up, and Strangways has disappeared....so has his secretary.

M. flicks the papers still in front of him.

M.
The police reports are still coming in.

BOND
Anything to go on?

M.
(grimly)
Some blood on the floor by the transmitter.

BOND
Was Strangways on something important?

M.
Checking a query from the Americans. They've been complaining of massive interference with their Cape Canaveral rockets..and they think it comes from the Jamaica area. "Toppling" mean anything to you?

BOND
A little. Throwing gyroscopic controls of a missile off balance with a radio beam or soemthing, isn't it?

M.
(nodding)
More or less. Five million dollars worth of missile aimed for a spot in the South Atlantic, but finishing in the middle of the Brazilian jungle is bad enough... but now they're about to try orbiting a rocket round the moon...

33. Continued.

BOND rubs his chin.

M.
....The Americans sent a C.I.A. man down to work with Strangways...fellow by the name of Leiter. Know him?

BOND
Heard of him, but never met him. Has he found anything?

M.
(succinctly)
You'd better ask him. You're booked on the seven o'clock plane for Kingston.
(he looks at his watch)
That gives you exactly three hours and twenty-two minutes...

BOND raises his eyes a little quizzically.

M.
(he presses intercome button)
....rmourer.....
(BOND stifles a grimace)
I'll have a set of background papers to date delivered to you at the airport in a self-destructor bag. You can study them during the flight... I want to know what's happened to Strangways.

There is a tap at the door and MAJOR BOOTHROYD enters. He is a short, slim man with snady hair. He waits until M. gestures him forward and then advances with a square case which he puts on the table. BOND looks at it gloomily.

M.
(to BOND)
Take off your jacket.

BOND hesitates the merest split second; then catching M's very steady eye, obeys. We see that he is wearing a shoulder holster.

M.
(holding out hand)
Give it to me.

33. Continued.

BOND draws a Beretta automatic and hands it across regretfully.

M.
I thought so. This damned Beretta. I've told you about it before.
(he passes it to BOOTHROYD)
You tell him...for the last time.

BOOTHROYD
(hefting it in his palm)
Nice and light...in a lady's handbag. No stopping power.

M.
Any comment, 007?

BOND
I don't agree sir. I've used the Beretta for 10 years, and never missed.

M.
Maybe not, but it jammed on your last job, and you spend six months in hospital in consequence. If you carry a double 0 number you're licences to kill - not get killed. Another thing, since I've been head of M.I.6 there's been a forty percent drop in 00 operative casualties, and I want to keep it that way - so you'll carry the Walther,
(pause)
unless you's prefer to go back to standard intelligence duties?

BOND
(stiffly)
No, I wouldn't sir.

M.
Then from now on you carry a different gun.
(turning to BOOTHROYD)
Show him, Major Boothroyd.

33. Continued.

BOOTHROYD
(producing gun and shoulder holster from case with professional pride)
Walther PPK...seven-point-six-five mil, with a delivery like a brick through a plate-glass window. Takes a Broausch silencer with very little reduction of muzzle velocity. The American C.I.A. swear by them.

M.
Thank you, Major Boothroyd.

BOOTHROYD
Thank you, sir. Good night, sir.

He turns to go. He turns back to BOND as BOOTHROYD exits.

M.
Any questions. 007?

BOND
No sir.

M.
(looking down at his papers. It is a gesture of dismissal)
All right then. Best of luck.

BOND
Thank you sir.

He picks up Beretta and Walther from the desk and turns towards the door.

M.
(without looking up)
Double-07.

BOND
(turning)
Sir?

M.
(pointing to Walther on desk)
I'll take the Beretta.

BOND has at last to grin grudgingly. He hands it over.

They catch each others' eyes. They really understand each other perfectly. BOND GOES.

34. INT. MILL MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

BOND comes out of M's office. He catches MISS MONEYPENNY'S eye, grins...opens his mouth to say something.

M's voice over intercome.
Forget the usual repartee, Miss Moneypenny....007's in a hurry.

BOND shrugs resignedly, looks at MISS MONEYPENNY with mock yearning, kisses her lightly on the forehead and tiptoes towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. INT. CORRIDOR & FOYER BOND'S FLAT. MED.SHOT.NIGHT.

BOND comes along corridor to door of his flat, gets out his key, opens door. Across the foyer tow doors open into further rooms. Under one of them is a thin bar of light. BOND frops his hand to his Walther, listens. Off scene there is a slight clicking sound somewhere in the flat. He scuffs off his soes, tip-toes slowly forward to the bedroom door. He throws the bedroom door open suddenly stepping back simultaneously into shelter of door-jam. He risks one cautious eye round door.

36. DELETE.

37. INT. BOND'S BEDROOM. HIS P.O.V. NIGHT.

As the door is flung open SYLVIA, in foreground, is distracted into slicing the chip-shot that would have knocked the celluloid ball into the bowler hat which is lying on the floor by foot of bed. It contains two or three balls while otheres are on the floor around it, some half-hidden by overhanging drapes of bed. As she straightens we have time to notice that she is wearing nothing but a pair of BOND'S pyjama tops.

SYLVIA
There - you made me miss it.

37. Continued.

BOND
(grimly)
You don't miss a thing..what are you doing here?

AYLVIA
(demure)
I decided to accept your invitation.

BOND
(more firmly still)
For tomorrow afternoon.

SYLVIA
(moving towards him seductively)
I do hope I'm wearing the right thing?

BOND
(not quite so firmly, as her charms begin to have their effect)
The right thing, but the wrong moment....I have to leave immediately.

He glances at his watch to verify the time.

SYLVIA
(standing on tip-toe to kiss him)
That's too bad. Just as it was getting interesting again....

They kiss -

SYLVIA
(in a murmur)
When did you say you had to leave?

BOND
(also in a murmur)
Immediately.
(they kiss again, his resolve weakens)
Well.....almost immediately.

She kisses him again.

37. Continued.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to take in his toes curling inside his silk evening socks and her bare ones on tiptoe. The golf club drops onto the carpet; then, as his tie foins it, we...

FADE OUT:

38. EXT. KINGSTON AIRPORT. FULL SHOT. DAY.

A BOAC 707 lands on the single runway and taxis towards the low white airport building.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. INT. AIR TERMINAL. CUSTOMS BUILDING. DAY.

BOND indicates his luggage to a PORTER and moves towards the exit. As he does so he notices a PRETTY CHINESE GIRL in act of sighting her Press Speed Graphic at him. His reaction is instinctive. He whips off his hat as if to greet somebody, covering his face with it in a perfectly natural gesture. As GIRL is winding frantically on he moves to exit, smiling at her in passing.

40. EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING ENTRANCE. DAY.

a hefty CHINESE NEGRO CHAUFFEUR is standing beside an official-looking limousine scanning the arriving passengers as they emerge with their luggage. BOND, a PORTER behind him pushing his luggage on a dolly, appears in background, carrying his attache case. He comes towards CAMERA, simultaneously hailing a cab with one or two chic STEWARDESSES. He gallantly steps back for them. The cab drives off with them. BOND looks around for another as the UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR approaches him.

CHAUFFEUR
Mistuh Bond, suh?

BOND
(good-humouredly. Smiling)
Yes. Who are you?

CHAUFFEUR
I'm Mistuh Jones, suh...chauffeur from Government House. Ah been sent to get you.

40. Continued.

BOND
(amused)
Well, that's fine, Mistuh Jones. We'll drop my luggage at the hotel on the way. Just a moment while I check my reservations.

CHAUFFEUR
Ah kin do that, suh.

BOND
No, you take care of my bag. Mistuh Jones.

BOND turns. CAMERA GOES WITH HIM as he walks to a GLASS-ENCLOSED TELEPHONE BOOTH, HOLDS as he does in and closes door.

41. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. BOND. MED.CLOSE SHOT. DAY.

Through the glass the CHAUFFEUR AND PORTER are visible in the background putting the luggage into the boot of the open car. We see the CHINESE GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER walk past them slowly and apparently say something to the CHAUFFEUR. The CHAUFFEUR membles something without looking up at her. She walks on. this registers with BOND, but not too obviously.

BOND
(short wait)
Government, please.
(after a moement)
James Bond, Universal Exports.

42. INT. KING'S HOUSE. PLEYDELL-SMITH'S OFFICE. MED SHOT. DAY.

PLEYDELL-SMITH, seated at his desk, speaks into telephone. Through window, back, can be seen grounds of King's House.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(CAMERA COMING IN CLOSER)
Put him through, Miss Taro....
welcome to Jamaica, Mr. bond.
Yes, your...er...head office
alerted us this morning.

43. INT. AIRPORT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. BOND. MED.CLOSE SHOT. DAY.

Into phone as he continues to watch CHAUFFEUR, PORTER and the flowly-strolling away CHINESE GIRL.

BOND
I'd like to meet for a chat... One o'clock? Your office? That suits me nicely. By the way, have you sent a car to meet me?

44. INT. PLEYDELL-SMITH'S OFFICE. PLEYDELL-SMITH. MED SHOT. DAY.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(sharply)
What?....Hold on, Mr. Bond.
(off-screen to SECRETARY)
Thank you, Miss Taro. I'll call when I want you.

He waits until he hears door close behind her.

PLEYDELL-SMITH (contd.)
Not me, old boy. I didn't think you wanted an official reception.

45. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. BOND. MED.CLOSE SHOT. DAY.

BOND
(passing it off lightly)
Quite right. One o'clock, then. Forgive me I'm a few minutes late.

He hangs up thoughtfully.

46. EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. BOND. MED. SHOT. DAY.

BOND comes out. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM towards open car and HOLDS as he reaches it. THE CHAUFFEUR is just closing the boot. As BOND tips the PORTER a tall thin HATCHET-FACED MAN (FELIX LEITER) emerges from airport building in background. He is obviously interested in BOND. The CHAUFFEUR opens the door of the car. BOND pauses before entering.

CHAUFFEUR
Where to, sir?

BOND
Government house - but I'm not in a hurry...Suppose you just... take me for a ride.

47. EXT. AIRPORT, DAY.

The HATCHET-FACED MAN watches, puzzled, as the car pulls away.

48. EXT. AIRPORT. PARKING LOT. MED.SHOT. DAY.

LEITER gets into a car, at the wheel of which sits a humourous-looking, intelligent CAYMAN ISLANDER (QUARREL). LEITER gestures to him to follow other car.

49. EXT. HIGHWAY. FULL SHOT. DAY.

The car moving between borders of cactus.

50. EXT. HIGHWAY. FULL SHOT. DAY.

As LEITER's car comes up behind the open car.

51. d EXT. INTERSECTION. FULL SHOT. DAY.

The open car turns left. Other car follos.

52. INT. CAR. BOND & CHAUFFEUR. MED.CLOSE SHOT. DAY (PROCESS).

The CHAUFFEUR glances into rear-mirror, sees the other car and steps on accelerator.

BOND
Always drive this fast? I said I wasn't in a hurry.

CHAUFFEUR
Sorry, suh...but I think dey's some feller follo'ing us.

BOND turns slightly and squints back through rear window.

BOND
All right...try and lose them.

The CHAUFFEUR increases xpeed, narrowly missing local bus labelled "BROWNSKIN GAL", scattering three laden donkeys and two fat, bandana-ed market women driving them.

53. EXT. ROAD. OPEN CAR. TRAVEL HOT. DAY.

The foliage on either side of the road is growing denser. Visible behind is the other car, also accelerating. Gradually the car pulls away until LEITER'S car is no longer in the SHOT.

54. INT. OPEN CAR. BOND AND CHAUFFEUR. MED.CLOSE SHOT. DAY. (PROCESS).

As the car nears a bend in the road.

BOND
Take the first turning on the left.

55. EXT. BEND. FULL SHOT. DAY.

The car rounds the bend. CAMERA PANS AFTER IT, HOLDS as it turns and then skids into a break in the foliage.

56. EXT. OPEN CAR. MED. SHOT. DAY.

As the CHAUFFEUR brakes to an abrupt stop and shuts off the engine. The other car is audible approaching off-scene.

57. EXT. BEND. FULL SHOT. DAY.

LEITER'S car rounds it. CAMERA PANS IT past where the car turned in, and HOLDS as it drives out of scene down road.

58. INT. OPEN CAR. BOND AND CHAUFFEUR. DAY.

As the found of the other car recedes in distance. the CHAUFFEUR listens for a second, then, in CLOSE-UP we see his profile suddenly stiffen, panic and amazement coming into his expression.

CAMERA EASES BACK a few inches to reveal the muzzle of the Walther gently stroking, almost tickling sopt just below and to rear of CHAUFFEUR's left ear.

BOND (voice)
(softly almost caressingly)
Now, Mistuh Jones....Talk fast before your pal doubles back. Who are you working for?

CHAUFFEUR
(frozen...licking lips)
I....I don' know what your's talking about. I was just sent to meet you at the airport.

58. Continued.

BOND
(very softly)
Ah, but by whom?

CHAUFFEUR
By.....Government House.

BOND
I don't think so.

He leans forward carefully and taps CHAUFFEUR'S pockets and under his left armpit, still with gun in other's neck. He seems satisfied. The CHAUFFEUR'S left hand has dropped, hidden by back of driving seat.

BOND (Contd.)
Both hands on the wheel, Mistuh Jones. I'm a nurvous passenger.

The CHAUFFEUR complies.

BOND (Contd.)
Now get out...move. And keep your hands where I can see them.

As the CHAUFFEUR feels the gun being removed from his neck, he slides slowly across the seat, keeping his hands high above the fascia, still being covered by BOND, who starts to open door. The door is flung open, then as the CHAUFFEUR starts to get slowly out, one of his hands drops to glove compartment, hitting spring catch of lid. As lid drops open, BOND hits CHAUFFEUR'S hand heavily wiht muzzle of pistol. BOND leans forward calmly and takes a flat .38 Browing from glovebox.

59. EXT. OPEN CAR. DAY.

The next minute he is out of the car. He drops second gun into his side pocket, slips his own into waistband of trousers, reaches in and pulls CHAUFFEUR out by scruff of neck. He jerks him hard up against car. The CHAUFFEUR tries to bring his knee up into BOND's crutch, at the same time jabbing for his eyes with fingers in V-sign. BOND chops him across adam's apple with edge of palm. The CHAUFFEUR drops, gurgling.

BOND
(unfeelingly)
Get up.

59. Continued.

The CHAUFFEUR struggles to his feet, panting and gasping. The sound of LEITER'S car comes to them, returning. Instinctively BOND glances towards the road. The CHAUFFEUR jumps him. this is his intention, but instead he continues on his way over BOND'S head helped by a hamihada (right hand takes right wrist of victim, left hand takes him behind elbow, BOND drops slightly and applies leverage to victim's right arm. Victim's forward rush supplies necessary momentum). The CHAUFFEUR lands on his head. Like a flash BOND picks him up and spins him back against car, then measuring him off, belts him sideways round car out of SHOT.

60. EXT. ROAD. FULL SHOT. DAY.

LEITER'S car passes the break in the foliage, and moves out of scene.

61. EXT. OPEN CAR. DAY (RESUME 59)

We see only BOND'S uppper body, rest being hidden by bonnet of car. He stares after the departing car, then turns and looks down at unseen CHAUFFEUR. He stoops. There is a moan.

CHAUFFEUR (voice)
Al right.....all right.... I'll talk.

BOND
(grimly)
On your feet.

He hauls him up by collar. CAMERA ANGLES ROUND to take in their entire bodies. The CHAUFFEUR wipes blood from his face with cuff. BOND fastidiously takes his own handkerchief from breast pocket, balls it in his hand and throws it at the other. The CHAUFFEUR mops his face, then fumbles for his breast pocket.

BOND
(sharply)
Hold it!

CHAUFFEUR
(mumbling)
Lemme....lemme....have a cig-rette...

61. Continued.

BOND
(he checks that there is only a packet of cigarettes in breast pocket, pulls them out and gives them to him)
Come on...I haven't got all day.
Who's paying you, ... and for what?

The CHAUFFEUR appears to be having some difficulty in focussing on packet. He fumbles...then finally selects a cigarette. BOND, to save time, has impatiently produced his own lighter, and holds it poised.

CHAUFFEUR
(still mumbling)
Well...it's like this...

He puts cigarette right into mouth and bites hard. There is a glass-like crunch. BOND registers immediately and jumps forward, but it is too late. The CHAUFFEUR'S face contorts horribly.

CHAUFFEUR
(strangled shriek, in act of falling)
The....hell with you....

He spits out mangled paper, tobacco and glass.

BOND stands looking down at him as he gives last convulsive twitch. He slowly wipes a modicum of something nasty from his cheek. He stoops and picks something up carefully with a handkerchief.

62. INSERT: BOND'S HAND WITH CIGARETTE

Out of the chewed mass protrudes the shattered end of a glass ampoule, surrounded by ;the handkerchief.

63. EXT. OPEN CAR. MED. SHOT. DAY.

The CHAUFFEUR lies still, staring open-eyed and mouthed at sky. BOND slowly bends over him, checks that he is dead; transfers Walther from trouser bank (NOTE: There is an inbuilt concealed clip there) to shoulder holster. He stands up, opens car door, and as he is about to lift body, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

64. EXT. KING'S HOUSE. DAY.

BOND drives up in the open car. The CHAUFFEUR'S body is propped realistically in the back seat. BOND stops outside, gets out, dusts himself off. A UNIFORMED GUARD comes forward.

BOND
(indicating CHAUFFEUR)
Watch him. Make sure he doesn't get away.

He goes off.

GUARD
(briskly)
Yes, sir.

He does a double take as he sees the DEAD MAN.

65. INT. PLEYDELL-SMITH'S OFFICE. DAY.

BOND and PLEYDELL-SMITH. They have evidently been discussing recent events.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(mopping brow)
Cyanide in the cigarette? Fantastic!

The door opens and DUFF, the Jamaican Police Commissioner, enters. he is well-build, middle-aged, reliable looking. He is shaking contents of handkerchief into big official envelope. He puts the handkerchief in as well.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Well, Duff....?

DUFF
The car was stolen...and we haven't yet been able to identify the driver. He certainly wasn't a Kingston man.

BOND
(tersely)
Wherever he was from, the news of my arrival leaked.

65. Continued.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Well, we didn't advertise it, I can assure you.

BOND
(sitting down)
I got the impression someone had been selling tickets.

DUFF
Anything more we can do for you?

BOND
Yes, I'd like to meet the last people to see Strangways.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Well, nobody seems to have seen him after he left our bridge-four at the Queen's Club.

BOND
And who were the others?

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Professor Dent...

DUFF
Metallurist. Runs a test laboratory. Clean bill. Respected.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
And Potter...

DUFF
Old general. Ex-Indian Army. Been here for ages.

65. Continued.

BOND
Well, we'll start with those.

DUFF
Want them brought in?

BOND
Lord, no. I want to meet them socially.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
I can introduce you at the Club tonight.

BOND
(rising)
Fine. Now lets take a look at Strangways' place, Commissioner.

DUFF
I'll run you up there now.

DISSOLVE TO:

66. EXT. STRANGEWAYS HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. FULL SHOT. DAY.

Commissioner's car drives up and stops. DUFF and BOND get out. Driver remains in car.

DUFF
(pointing)
Go on in.

67. INT. STRANGWAYS HOUSE. INNER OFFICE. MED. SHOT. DAY.

DUFF and BOND enter doorway and BOND looks around pointing to a spot of blook on the floor.

DUFF
Oh, yes. That's her blood patch.

67. Continued.

DUFF (contd.)
(consults a slip of paper from pocket)
O RH positive.

BOND
(quickly)
That's her blood type.

DUFF crosses to filing cabinet.

DUFF
(points to drawer)
Expertly jemmied. Looks as if the fellow knew what he was after... and where to find it.

BOND quickly riffles through files...glancing and discarding. He eventually comes to empty hidden compartment at back. He crosses to radio. He examines dials.

DUFF
The set was still switched on when we came round. We tried to get through on the same frequency but it was dead the other end.

BOND
(drily)
And will stay dead. All frequencies are changed immediately security is broken.

He wanders round examining everything, open drawers, riffling through contents. He notices a book with a folded paper serving as bookmark. He picks it up, opens it and glances at contents, then unfold paper and looks at it.

68. INSERT

Title of book in BOND'S hand:

"Geological Configuration"
(Lyell)
II. Eastern Caribbean

68. BACK TO 67 (continued)

BOND
Geology a hobby of Strangways?

DUFF
Not that I know of...

69. Continued.

BOND shrugs and slips paper into pocket. Continuing to poke round he sees a Press photo secured by thumb tacks to side of bookcase. CAMERA MOVES IN over shoulders of both of them as BOND studies it. We can see STRANGWAYS and Leiter's JAMAICAN DRIVER standing beside a boat proudly posing with an enormous sail-fish, deep-sea rods, etc.

BOND
(quickly)
Who's the man with Strangways?

DUFF
(studying photo)
Oh, one of the local fishermen.

BOND
He was driving the car that tailed me from the airport.

DUFF
(eyes narrowing)
That so? That's something to start on. I'll have a thorough check made on him...

BOND
Yes, you do that.
(he glances at his watch)
I want a bath and an change before meeting Pleydell-Smith at the Club....

DISSOLVE TO:

70. INT. BOND'S HOTEL. BEDROOM. EARLY EVENING

BOND, standing in front of mirror, is putting finishing touches to tie. He is in shirt-sleeves, and a tropical hacket hangs ready on back of chair. In mirror we see a JAMAICAN WAITER putting gin, glass, ice, tonic and fresh lime on tray on low table.

WAITER
Anyt'ing else, sir?

BOND
(without looking round)
No, that will be all, thanks.

70. Continued.

WAITER
(going)
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

BOND waits until the door closes, then he crosses to it and softly turns the key. He returns to an open suitcase on luggage stool, feels under clothes in it and takes out his Walther in shoulder holster. He adjusts straps over his shoulders and then puts on jacket, pats into final adjustment and checks in mirror. He then closes suitcase, locks it and goes to bathroom. He returns with tin of talcum powder. He sprinkles a microscopic amount of powder on catches of case and carefully blows off surplus. He returns to dressing table, carefully pulls a hair from his head and delicately places it between tow folded shirts. Closes drawer, takes final look round, crosses to door, opens it, switches off light and leaves.

During this action, but in no way to impede the smooth flow ot it, he has poured and drunk appreciatively a long gin sling. what he has done must be manifestly a normal, automatic drill.

DISSOLVE TO:

71. INT. VERANDAH. QUEEN'S CLUB. EVENING.

PLEYDELL-SMITH, BOND, PROFESSOR DENT AND POTTER, drinking together.

DENT
(to BOND)
So you're replacing Strangways...?

BOND
Not permanently. I'm just here to clear up one or two outstanding things before his replacement arrives...

DENT
(hopefully)
Play bridge?

BOND
(smiling)
Not when I can duck it.

POTTER sighs.

70. Continued.

DENT
Extraordinary thing, old Strangways just vanishing like that.
(slight smile)
Or is it? Cherchez la femme. That secretary of his was very nice...very nice.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(looking at DENT with some distaste)
Did you know her?

DENT
(shrugging it off)
Oh, seen her around, you know....

BOND
I suppose none of you could throw any light....on what might have happened to him? Anything in his conversation...? Any hint...?

POTTER
Personally I never heard him talk about anything but bridge and big game fishing.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Fishing was his latest craze. He got the bug a few weeks ago and has been out practically every day since.

POTTER
Must have cost him something. These fishermen charge the earth to charter...and Quarrel is about the most expensive of them....

BOND
Quarrel?

PLEYDELL-SMITH
A Cayman Islander. Owns a boat in the harbour...

DISSOLVE TO:

72. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

The scene is peaceful, boats rock gently on the water in time to calypso music which comes from some waterfront cafe. BAND comes down the quay, stops to ask an old FISHERMAN the way. The FISHERMAN points to where QUARREL is working in his boat, whistling the calypso tune. BOND walks up to him. As his shadow falls across QUARREL, the latter stops whistling and looks up slowly.

BOND
You Quarrel?

QUARREL
(lazy grin)
Maybe...

BOND
I'm a friend of Commander Strangways.

QUARREL
(open-eyed innocence blending with mockery)
Ain't that nice. I likes people who's friend of people.

BOND
I thought you might be able to tell me what happened to him...

QUARREL
(slow head shake)
Far's I know, ain't nuthin happened to him.
(pause)
.....unless you know's differnt, cap'n.

BOND
Where did you take him, on your boat?

QUARREL
(pointing out to sea)
See that, cap'n? Dat dere's de Carribean...Dat's where. Fishing.

BOND
I'm interest in fishing. I'd like to charter your boat.

72. Continued.

QUARREL
(shaking head)
Sorry cap'n. She's not for hire.

BOND
(eyeing QUARREL up and down coldly)
Seems I came to the wrong address.

QUARREL
(mocking heartiness)
Dats all right, cap'n. Now... if'n you'll excuse me, I got business to 'tend to.

QUARREL heaves himself out of boat onto quay, grins at BOND and walks off. BOND watches him go thoughtfully.

73. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

QUARREL walks up quay whistling cheerfully. He turns right when he reaches the waterfront and continues blithely on his way. In far background we see BOND strolling casually back to waterfront, with apparently no further interest in QUARREL.

74. EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

Keeping the receding QUARREL still in long shot, we see, BOND, in B.G., cross the waterfront and disappear into a lane.

75. EXT. LANE. DAY.

BOND hurrying. He comes to a corner and peeps around.

76. BOND'S EYELINE. WHAT HE SEES.

Perspective shot up anther lane to waterfront. We see QUARREL pass opening to lane in distance.

77. EXT. LANE. DAY.

Receding shot of BOND hurrying up lane to where he has seen QUARREL pass.

78. EXT. PUS-FELLER'S RESTAURANT. DAY.

Restaurant-night-club built right on the waterfront. Unlighted neon tubes give title. QUAREEL reaches the entrance and goes in. BOND approaches, hesitates, considers, follows.

79. INT. PUS-FELLER'S RESTAURAN. DAY.

It is now, of course, almost empty, but preparations are afoot for the evening's business...waiters arrange chairs... a calypso bank is just arriving, unpacking guitars etc. Verandah and beach seen through open doors. QUARREL is standing talking to PUS-FELLER in the middle of the dance space. The latter is an immense NEGRO in immaculate white shirt and slacks, multi-hued cummberbund and matching bow tie.

QUARREL
(seeing BOND)
Well...if it ain't my friend who gets addresses mixed. You got the right one this time... if you likes good eating.

BOND
I do...provided the conversation matches it.

QUARREL
(dropping voice glancing round)
Could be, cap'n...could be. Back at the boat too public...Here it different...

He nods towards inner room.

BOND
(cautiously)
You lead the way.

QUARREL
Sure t'ing.
(to PUS-FELLER as they pass)
Hey man -- you see we gets a little privacy.

Their eyes meet in some unspoken message.

79. Continued.

PUS-FELLER
(nodding)
Nuthin else but, Quarrel

80. INNER ROOM. DAY.

QUARREL precedes BOND into the inner room, which is empty, he turns to face him. Expression has hardened.

QUARREL
(dropping airiness)
Okay, mister. Suppose you start de conversation?

He draws a wicked looking flick-knife and shoots flade, fingers it thoughtfully. BOND's right hand shoots for gun under arm, but before he can reach it PUS-FELLER, who has followed them silently, has pinioned his arms from behind.

QUARREL
(advancing wickedly)
Ain't no use struggling.
Pus-Feller wrestles alligators...
.....OUCH !!!

BOND has kicked the knife flying and overshot with same kick into QUARREL's belly. Simultaneously he has thrown PUS-FELLER clean over his head by reverse flying-mare (both his hands up and back round the back of victim's head until fingers interlock. He drops to a crouch and heaves. His shoulders are the fulcrom). PUS-FELLER flies through a complete parabola, crashing into QUARREL as he is making a quick comeback. BOND has now got gun on them -- cammands stance -- legs planted firmly apart -- wrist of gun hand pressed firmly into his own navel -- forward crouch over it. He inches backwards to door, free hand feeling for knob behind him.

BOND
Right -- up slowly and face the wall --

Behind him, and unknown to him, LEITER has appeared in door. He gently takes BOND's wrist and equally gently shoves a Walther into his kidneys.

80. Continued.

LEITER
(softly)
Gently, bud, gently. Let's not get excited, eh?

BOND stiffens. His position is now untenable and he's not a bloody fool. LEITER stretches round in front of him and takes his gun. He looks at two identical weapons with slightly raised eyebrows.

LEITER
(to QUARREL)
Frisk this guy.

QUARREL looking murderous, steps forward and expertly frisks BOND. (Expertly means to start at sock level and rub and tap lightly upwards. A favourite place for keeping a second gun or a knife is taped to the inside of the thigh. QUARREL evidently knows this.)

LEITER
(moving round so he can see BOND CLEARLY)
Interesting. Where were you measured for this, bud?

BOND
My tailor...Savile Row.

LEITER
That so? Mine's a guy in Washington.
(he suddenly breaks into a grin, puts his own gun into his shoulder holster, reverses one in his left hand and holds it butt first to BOND, simultaneously holding out now free right hand in greeting)
Felix Leiter, C.I.A. You must be James Bond.

BOND
(taking his hand)
You mean, we're fighting the same war?

LEITER
I spotted you at the airport, but when you drove off with the opposition I thought I must be wrong...
(jerking his head towards QUARREL)
This is QUARREL...one of my men.

80. Continued.

BOND
(grinning, and shaking hands with QUARREL)
No hard feelings, I hope?

QUARREL
(warm, wide grin)
Glad to know, Mist. Bond.

LEITER
(nodding towards PUS-FELLEr)
And that's Pus-Feller. He owns this place.

BOND
If he cooks as well as he fights, let's compare notes over a meal.

DISSOLVE TO:

81. INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

BOND, QUARREL, LEITER at a table, finishing their meal. PUS-FELLER hovers around from time to time seeing that they have everything they need.

In the background, FOUR ATTRACTIVE GIRLS, wearing just what they are forced to by law, are going through a particularly Jamaican type of Twist.

LEITER
.....Canaveral is screaming because with this moon-rocket launching scheduled soon they don't want anything to go wrong...

BOND
(thoughtfully)
Yet you say Strangways didn't thing the interference could be coming from here? I suppose you...
(chooses words with irony)
...."cased the joint."

LEITER
I checked...unofficially. You...
(mimicks BOND)
"Limeys" can be pretty touchy about trespassing...

81. Continued.

The TWO MEN grin at each other.

LEITER (contd.)
Strangways and Quarrel checked the off-shore islands....

BOND
And found nothing?

QUARREL
Not a thing, cap'n....

BOND
Where did you look?

QUARREL
Jus' about most everywhere. Fire Island, Crab Key, Morgan's Reef

BOND
Check them all thoroughly?

QUARREL
All 'cept Crab Key. We didn't have no right to go there...

They are interrupted by a flash of a bulb of a CAMERA off-screen.

The CHINESE GIRL from the airport is unscrewing the flash bulb, replacing it with another, as she innocently turns away. She is dressed in a tight black satis cheongsam. But has a Leica with flash attachment in one hand.

BOND
(softly....)
Get her, Quarrel...and her camera.

QUARREL glides across to where the GIRL has just raised her camera to take a photo of another group.

QUARREL
(amiably)
Evening, missee.

She takes the hand he holds out to her, smiling at him. He swings her round like a ballet dancer, so that her hand is behind her back and she is in the crook of his arm.

81. Continued.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(Smothered Help)
You're hurting...!

QUARREL
(smiling down at her)
Cap'n want you take a drink
with us.

He comes back to the table with her, hooks a chair out with his heel and sits her down, still holding her wrist behind her.

BOND
(smiling)
Good evening. Why do you want
another picture of me?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Because I only got you hat at the
airport. Tell this ape to let
me go.

BOND
But why do you want my picture at all?

PHOTOGRAPHER
(seating with pain)
Because that's the way I earn
my living --

BOND
(leaning forward...smiling...
softly)
Who are you working for.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(almost spitting)
Oh, go ---
(Quarrel imperceptibly increases
the pressure, she gasps)
...The...The Daily Gleaner...

BOND signals to PUS-FELLER who hurries across.

BOND
Ever seen this girl before?

81. Continued

PUS-FELLER
Sure, boss. She come here sometimes. She being a nuisance? You want for me to throw her out?

BOND
No...just ring the Daily Gleaner and ask if they've sent a photographer here tonight.

PUS-FELLER
(hurrying away)
Sure, boss...

BOND casually starts to take film out of camera.

GIRL
(quickly)
They didn't send me. I work freelance.

BOND
(softly)
Freelance, eh? For who?

GIRL
(hissing)
You....

She gasps with pain. QUARREL's right shoulder starts to dip slowly. The girl squirms. She leans towards him and spits full in his face. He grins and puts on the pressure. She is almost passing out.

BOND
Tell and he'll stop.

Suddenly the GIRL's hand flies up to QUARREL's face. There is a sharp explosion. BOND snatches at her free airm and drags it back. Blood streams down QUARREL's face. A broken bulb falls to the table.

QUARREL
(looking at GIRL with nothing but admiration)
We don't get nuthin' out of dis gal. You want for me to break her arm?

81. Continued.

BOND
(reflectively)
No--

He shakes film out of the cassette -- then shakes his head in mock surprise.

BOND (continued)
Second time nothing's come out.
(to Quarrel)
Give her back her arm.

QUARREL frees her. She gets to her feet shakily and backs away...her eyes blazing hate at them.

BOND
On your way, girl.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(hissing)
He'll get you, you louse!
He'll get you.

She runs off. QUARREL wipes his face thoughtfully with a napkin.

BOND
(thoughtfully)
One takes cyanide -- another would have stoood for her arm being broken. Neither would talk. Who throws that sort of scare into people...little, ordinary people?

LEITER
(thoughtfully)
I think maybe we'd better find out... but fast.

BOND
(turning to QUARREL)
You were talking about Crab Key. What's so special about it. Why can't people go there?

QUARREL looks uncomfortable. He glances sideways at LEITER. LETER takes over.

81. Continued.

LEITER
It belongs to a Chinese character who doesn't allow anyone to land... but our navel reconnaissance planes had a look, and there's nothing but a Bauxite mine.

QUARREL
That Crab Key scare me plenty. Friends of mine went out there once after sea shells...only trouble, they never come back again.

LEITER
None of the local fisherman'll go near the place.

QUARREL
Cap'n Strangways and me, we just slipped in at night...he take some samples and we come straight back again...don' do for a man tc hang about there...

BOND
(slight reaction)
What kind of samples, Quarrel?

QUARREL
Oh bigs of rock...sand...water...

BOND
(very, very thoughtfully)
I see...(long pause)
Crab Key, eh? It begins to interest me.
(to Leiter)
What else do you know about this Chinese?

LEITER
Nothing...except his name...
Dr. No.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. EXT. MYRTLEBANK HOTEL. NIGHT.

The streets are deserted. It is late at night. A taxi drives up, BOND gets out. He stands in the light from the open hotel doorway, feeling in his pockets for money.

83. INT. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

In the shadows of a nearby car park, hidden among the cars, stand the THREE BLIND BEGGARS. We see them watching BOND. As the sound of the taxi comes over scene they draw their guns and fix silencers.

84. EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

BOND waits for his change from the DRIVER.

85. EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

The beggars take aim. The LEADER nods.

86. EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

A car suddenly swings across in foreground as it pulls away from the car park, momentarily blotting out the distant scene. By the time the car has cleared the CAMERA, BOND is actually entering hotel, passing between two smartly dressed couples who are emerging cheerfully.

87. EXT. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

The BEGGARS lower their guns. The LEADER spits out a muffled curse, takes silencer from gun, turns away disgustedly. The OTHERS follow. CAMERA FANS with them as they disappear into darkness. Slowly we....

FADE OUT:

88. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

A PRETTY RECEPTIONIST sits at a desk...To one side of her is a large specimen show case, with samples of rock and ore on display. On a side table can be seen a set of assayer's scales under a glass dome.

BOND
I'd like to see Prosfessor Dent?

RECEPTIONIST
Have you an appointment?

88. Continued.

BOND
Tell him it's James Bond...
we met at the Queen's Club yesterday.....

RECEPTIONIST
Very well, sir....

She goes away. BOND looks around.

PROFESSOR DENT
(coming up behind him silently)
Good morning, Mr. Bond. What can I do for you?

BOND
(turning, smiling)
Oh, good morning, Professor...

He takes out of his pocket the paper he found in the book in STANGWAYS' office and hands it to DENT.

BOND (contd.)
I came across this in Strangways' office....your recept.

PROFESSOR DENT takes paper, reads, frowns a little, then nods.

PROFESSOR DENT
Yes, that's right....

BOND
Can you tell me what it's all about?

PROFESSOR DENT
Poor old Strangways...rather a bug of his...amateur geology, you know. He brought in some rock, samples for testing.
(laughs deprecatingly)
Convinced they were valuable.

BOND
And were they?

88. Continued.

PROFESSOR DENT
(spreading hands. Condescending smile.
I'm afraid not. Just low-grade iron pyrites.
(taps paper)
That's what I've told him...

BOND
Can I see them?

PROFESSOR DENT
(flustering, then covering quickly)
I'm sorry...I threw them away.

BOND
(casually)
Any idea where he got them?

PROFESSOR DENT
He didn't say.

BOND
(watching him obliquely)
Crab Key perhaps?

DENT makes slightest reaction. It is not lost on BOND.

PROFESSOR DENT
(quickly)
Definitely not.

BOND
What makes you so certain?

PROFESSOR DENT
Just not possible geologically.

BOND
(softly)
I wonder.
(briskly)
Well, thank you, Professor. Good of you to spare me so much of your time...
(takes paper back gently)

He smiles pleasantly. Goes. DENT stands looking after him...moistening lips...frightened.

89. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

A car draws up and PROFESSOR DENT gets out hurriedly. He looks around, then crosses to a large cabin cruiser at the end of the quay. TWO HUGE CHINESE NEGROES are lounging in the stern well. DENT approaches and signs to one of them from the quayside. He looks a little surprised, mumbles to his companion and then climbs onto the quay.

DENT
(quickly, nervously)
I've got to...get to the island.

CHINESE NEGRO
You know the procedure, sir.

DENT
(urgently)
There's not time to follow procedure...
I'll take the responsibility.

The CHINESE NEGRO is obviously in a quandry. He puzzles over this for a few minutes, then reluctantly acquieses.

CHINESE NEGRO
(nervously)
Man...I hope you knows what you are doin'.
(he turns abruptly on his heel)
Come.

They board the boat. We get a glimpse of second MAN going to radio set as other membles something to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. CRAB KEY. LONG SHOT. P.O.V. BOAT IN MOTION. DAY.

It is different angle from the one we have seen previously. The reef and distant bauxite plant are just coming into view.

91. EXT. QUAYSIDE. CRAB KEY. DAY.

The launch nears the land, approaching a bustling quayside, where several small cargo boats are moored, in the process of being loaded with bauxite. On the quay stand several hand-operated cranes. Mounds of the red bauxite nearby./

91. Continued.

The air is full of dust. Behind the quay the sheer walls of the mountainside rise almost immediately. A coule of CHINESE NEGROES help PROFESSOR DENT onto land. ARMED GUARADS stand at either end of quay and at the gates which lead to a wired-in compojnd built against the rock. In it are a couple of chairs, some spare equipment, a few small sheds, padlocked. The CHINESE NEGROES AND PROFESSOR enter the compound, cross to a small iron door set in the mountainside. A CHINESE NEGRO presses a bell. The door swings open onto a passageway cut out of the rock itself. Inside, another CHINESE NEGRO, enormous, muscular, inscrutable, dressed as a house-guard, is waiting.

HOUSEGUARD
(to DENT)
Come...

DENT enters. The door closeds behind him.

92. INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO NO'S APARTMENT.

The stone walls have given way to polished marble. DENT follows the silent HOUSE GUARD to the door set in the wall. The nearer he gets to NO the more nervous he becomes. As the HOUSE GUARD knocks on the door, DENT pulls himself together for what he obviously expects to be an ordeal.

NO'S VOICE (off)
Enter.

The door swings open. DENT looks up, hesitates. His eyes waver and drop....

93. REVERSES SHOT. POV. DR. NO.

All se see of DR. NO, is the edge of his desk, and a slight shadow cast from a reading lamp as he makes a slight movement. In short, we see this scene entirely from his eyeline.

DR. NO.
(softly)
Good afternoon....Professor.

He makes "Professor" sound like an insult. DENT steps forward. DR. NO touches a switch, the door closes automatically and a strong beam of light is turned on DENT, while he himself is not in darkness. There is a long silence.

93. Continued.

DR. NO.
(silky menace)
Now suppose you explain why you have disobeyed my strictest rule...and come here in daylight?

PROFESSOR DENT
(trying to pull himself together)
I had to...I had to... That man Bond came this morning...

DR. NO
I have orders that he should be killed. Why is he still alive?

PROFESSOR DENT
The...the attempts failed...

PROFESSOR DENT
Failed? I do not like that word... Professor. You are not going to fail me, are you?

PROFESSOR DENT
(face working...having difficulty with words)
No...no...I came to warn you.

DR. NO
(incredulous contempt)
Warn me?

PROFESSOR DENT
Tell you...Bond has found out that Stangways took rock samples from here...He's not a fool... He's sure to come and check again.

DR. NO
(softly)
I hope not...for your sake... because, if he does...
(voice drops to a whisper)
I shall hold you responsible...do I make myself clear?

DENT shivers.

DENT
Quite clear.

93. Continued.

DR. NO leans forward, extending one hand, still in silhouette, towards a nearby table, from which he picks up a small grass cage. As he holds it out towards DENT we see something black and furry moving inside it. DENT recoils involuntarily.

DR. NO
Since your attempts at assassination have been so ineffectual...let's try "natural causes" this time...

He moves the cage impatiently towards DENT, who takes it reluctantly by the very end of the grass loop which DR. NO is holding. He face as he looks down shows revulsion and fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

94. INT. HOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.

BOND enters to collect his key from RECEPTIONIST.

BOND
I want to send a cable...

RECEPTIONISH
(handking BOND a pad)
Yes sir...Oh, the car you ordered has been delivered.
(hands car key over)
It's in number five bay of the parking lot...

BOND, taking keys and pad and moving away.

BOND
Goodnight. Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST
(after him)
Goodnight, Mr. Bond...

95. INT. BOND'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

BOND enters. He is obviously a little tired but goes through the automatic routine of checking...bathroom... curtains...inside wardrobe...ducking to squint under the bed, opens window looks out, quickly, methodically and efficiently. He then examines locks of suitcase.

95. Continued.

On faintly dusted brass we see tow distinct fingerprints. BOND grins ironically -- opens and checks. He then goes to dressing-table drawer and sees that the hair has been disturbed between the shirts. It doesn't worry him, he is not fool enough to leave anything of importance in an hotel bedroom, but it does tell him that somebody has been "turning him over" in his absence. He goes to gin on centre table, picks up bottle and shakes it -- examines it -- smells it -- but takes no chances. He takes a fresh bottle from side table, examines seal, opens it and pours out hefty slug. He dilutes it with water from bathroom tap and then sits to compose his cable, taking off jacket first, shrugging out of shoulder hoster and laying it beside him.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

96. INT. BONDS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The room is in darkeness, lit only by moonlight from window. BOND sleeps under a thin sheet. CAMERA TRACKS in to show his face on pillow. He is breathing deeply. Then, suddenly, his eyes open. We see expression of bewildered terror. His neck muscles stiffen. His eyes travel down. CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in his form under sheet. From region of his ankle we see the shape of something on his leg under the sheet. It is about the size of a man's hand. It starts slowly to travel up his leg. BOND is frozen with horror. The thing continues -- stops -- moves on. It gets to the region of his crutch. BOND does not like it the least little bit. On -- up -- slowly -- over his belly -- chest -- then finally it emerges from cover of sheet and we see it is an enormous TARANTULA. It moves over his naked shoulder towards his neck...then seems to slip sideways onto the pillow beside his face.

97.) Cutting between V.C.U. BONDS expression of horror and
98.) the TARANTULA.

99. CLOSE SHOT TARANTULA MOVING BACK ONTO BONDS NECK.

100. BONDS FACE. THE TARANTULA HALTS FOR A SPLIT SECOND.

101. BOND. MED. SHOT. NIGHT.

BOND suddenly jack-knifes off the bed and onto the floor. He darts for bedside light and switches it on. He backhands pillow off bed onto floor.

102. CLOSE SHOT TARANTULA.

The TARANTULA is momentarily on its back, its legs thrashing.

103. MED. SHOT. BOND. (SHOOTINGACROSS BED) NIGHT.

He is clad in brief shorts. The bed masks his action as he lifts shoe and brings it down with a crash. He straightens and stares down on what is left of the THING on the other side. BOND crosses swiftly to the window, leans against the frame, pulling himself together, breathing in the night air deeply. Suddenly he looks down, notices something on the floor.

CLOSE SHOT. FLOOR. BONDS EYELINE.

On the floor, just inside the window, as if someone has thrown it through from outside, lies the small grass cage.

103. Continued.

BOND stares down thoughtfully.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

104. INT. M'S OFFICE. LONDON. DAY

M is working at his desk. MISS MONEYPENNY enters, carrying a cable.

MISS MONEYPENNY
(handing it over)
Signal from Double 07, sir.

M
What the devil does he want this for?

MONEYPENNY
No idea sir.

M
(growling)
Hm...all right. Get it out to him on tonight's plane.

104. Continued.

MISS MONEYPENNY
(demure)
Yes, sir. It's en route already.

DISSOLVE:

105. INT. PLEYDELL-SMITH'S OFFICE. DAY.

PLEYDELL-SMITH working at his desk. His phone rings.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(answering it)
Hello? Right...send him in...

He rises as BOND enters.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
Morning, Bond.

Brief handshake.

BOND
Sorry to bother you, but I need some information. All you've got on Dr. No., and Crab Key.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(nodding and taking up phone)
Miss Taro, bring me the file on Dr. No...

BOND
What can you tell me about Crab Key?

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(considering - plucking lip)
Not much, except that there's a Bauxite mine there. Dr. No runs the island like a concentration camp. I've heard some funny rumours... But no ones's ever complained... officially.

Behind BOND the door opens and MISS TARO enters. She is tall, dark-eyed, very beautiful, half Chinese.

105. Continued.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(without looking at her)
Right, Miss Taro...just leave them here, will you?

MISS TARO
(softly)
Very sorry sir, but we can't find them anywhere.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(jerking round on her)
What do you mena, can't find them? Who had them last?

MISS TARO
(slight distress)
Commander Stangways, sir...both files.

MISS TARO withdraws as silently as she entered.

PLEYDELL-SMITH
That's a damned nuisance.

BOND
(lightly)
On the contrary...their disappearance confirms exactly what I wanted to know...
(he rises to go)

PLEYDELL-SMITH
(pointing to side table)
Oh - that came from London for you this morning in the Diplomatic pouch.

He looks at BOND hopefully, curious to know the contents.

BOND
(crossing and taking up the parcel)
Well, well...a birthday present from Aunt Eileen...

106. INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

BOND enters carrying pacel..MI_S TARO is standing just inside door. She jumps guiltily. BOND smiles at her disarmingly.

BOND
(lightly)
It's a bad habit to listen at doors.

MISS TARO
(too quickly)
I wasn't listening. I was looking for those files. Anything that can't be found...I get the blame.

BOND
(kindly)
Forget it. They're not important, anyhow.
(eyeing her iwht interest)
I hope you're not planning to spend the rest of the day looking for them?

MISS TARO
(shaking her head)
No - I'm off-duty this afternoon.

BOND
(grinning)
There's a coincidence...so am I. How about showing me around the island?

MISS TARO
(Pretending coyness)
What should I say to a strange gentleman's invitation?

BOND
(firmly)
You should say "yes". My hotel at three?

MISS TARO
Well - maybe!

106. Continued.

She drops her eyes demurely. BOND grins, slightest suspicion of wink, waggles parcel at her in farewell...turns at door and catches her eyes full on him. He grins wider.

DISSOLVE TO:

107. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

QUARREL's boat is moored at quiet quay...small canoe on painter astern. BOND sits in latter, carefully unwrapping parcel. QUARREL stands above him on quayside, watching him puzzled.
BOND, finishing unwrapping, switches on small geiger counter. The geiger counter starts to click slowly from the moment BOND switches it on. He passes it over his luminous wrist-watch. The clicking increases in speed and tone. He slips off watch and passes it up to QUARREL.

BOND
Hold that, will you. The luminous dial is activating this thing. Now where exactly did Commander Stangways put the samples?

QUARREL
(pointing to spot just above short mast)
Right about dere, cap'n.

We hear the clicking speeding up as BOND approaches the spot in the boat. He looks up as a shadow joins that of QUARREL.

108. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

LEITER has come up alongside QUARREL. He looks down, sees BOND bent double over the bottom of the canoe.

LEITER
Hi there...lost something?

BOND
(straightening up, and indicating the geiger counter reading)
Look at the reading on this thing. Those samples Strangways brought from Crab Key were radioactive. Yet, Professor Dent told me they were worthless chunks of iron ore.

108. Continued.

LEITER
(thoughtfully)
Then he's either a bad professor or a bad liar.

BOND
(grimly)
And I intend to find out which...
(he looks at QUARREL)
Quarrel, how soon can you run us out to Crab Key?

QUARREL
(uneasy)
Well, it's like this here cap'n. De Commander, he done take samples from all the islands. Suppose we start checking some of de nearer ones first?

BOND
(shaking his head)
Crab Key's the one that interest me.

QUARREL
Cap'n, I done take de Commander dere...and we got away widdout trouble...but it don't do for a man to tempt Providence too often. You see...dere's a dragon, and...

BOND
(astonished)
A what?

LEITER
(laughing it off)
It's a native superstition... Started by Dr. No probably.

BOND
All right, Quarrel. We don't want to force you to do anything... Leiter and I'll go over after dark, if you'll give us sailing directions.

108. Continued.

QUARREL
(gloomily)
I gets my sailing directions from my nose, my ears and my instinks...
(resignedly)
I'll meet you here, bout seven.

BOND
(quietly)
Thanks, Quarrel.

DISSOLVE TO:

109. INT. FOYER. MYRTLEBANK.

BOND enters, carrying geiger counter which is now wrapped up again. A clock shows us a few minutes before three. He goes to desk for his key.

RECEPTIONIST
(handing over key and folded paper)
Message for you Mr. Bond.

BOND
(glancing at message)
Thanks.

He hesitates a moment, then crosses to phone box in hall, dials number.

BOND
(into phone)
James Bond here...I've just got your message...aren't you coming?

110. MISS TARO"S APARTMENTS. INT. DAY.

MISS TARO on phone. Her apartment is furnished Chinese style, forming a delicate background to her own beauty. Through the window we see the mountains are quite close; Kingston lies below in distance.

110. Continued.

MISS TARO
Mr. Bond?...Look. I've been thinking...why don't you pick me up at my apartment...
(seductively)
It's so sool here in the mountains...

111. INT. TELEPHONE BOX. MYRTLEBANK. DAY.

The inviation obviously appeals to BOND.

BOND
You talked me into it...
(taking out a pen)
What's your address, and how do I get there?

112. INT. MISS TARO'S APARTMENT. DAY.

She leans back against the bedhead.

MISS TARO
(carefully)
You take the Port Royal road out of Kingston...drive on till you pass the cement factory, and then take the next turning to the right...

Her voice is carrying over into the next two or three SHOTS as if in commentary, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

113. EXT. ROYAL ROAD. DAY.

BOND driving through Kingston. He passes the hearsts, parked unobtrusively in a nearby street. After he has passed, the hearse pulls out and follows him. Inside are the THREE BLIND BEGGARS.

BOND turns off road leading to mountains. He is enjoying the drive, the scenery, the afternoon in anticipation. He glances into mirror. His expression changes.

114. WHAT HE SEES. IN MIRROR.

What he sees. The hearse following him.

115. INT. BONDS CAR. BOND. MED. CLOSE SHOT. DAY (PROCESS)

BOND concentrates on his driving, watching rear mirror.

116. REAR MIRROR, CLOSE SHOT.

The hearse is closer. The DRIVER is the same Chinese Negro we saw previously. Seated next to him is FIRST BEGGAR. The latter has his arms folded professionally...face inscrutable...expressionless. Both wear top hats.

117. EXT. COAST ROAD. BOND'S CAR. TRAVEL SHOT. DAY.

As he accelerates, he tries to pull away from the hearse which continues to gain on him.

118. INT. BOND'S CAR. BOND. MED. CLOSE SHOT. DAY (PROCESS)

BOND looking grim, steps on accelerator.

119. EXT. COAST ROAD. BONDS CAR. TRAVEL SHOT. DAY

Taking hairpin bends...tires screaming. The hearse continuing to gain.

120. EXT. ROAD. THE TWO CARS. MED. TRAVEL SHOT. DAY.

As the hearse comes up alongside BONDS car and tries to edge it off the road and over side of drop.

121. INT. BONDS CAR. HIS EYELINE.

Ahead of him on angledozer is parked, deserted, at a patch of road where some repairs have been in process. It is on the inside (cliff-wall side) of the road, its shovel-arm jutting out across the road. There is just room for BONDS car to get underneath it, but the hearse has to swerve to the outside of the road (drop side) to avoid it.

122. EXT. ROAD. THE TWO CARS. NECK AND NECK TRAVEL SHOT DAY.

BOND shoots underneath it. The hearse swerves...too far out at the speed they are travelling. It goes over the edge. BOND pulls up with a scream of brakes.

123. EXT. ROAD. BOND GETTING OUT OF CAR. DAY.

He stops, breathes hard, wipes forehead with sleeve. From distance, below, we hear sound of hearse crashing. CAMERA PANS BOND TO edge of drop. He looks down.

124. BONDS EYELINE. WHAT HE SEES.

The hearse has just come to rest, a tangled mass. There is no movement from it. The first tentative tongues of flame are lapping round wreckage. A battered top hat and a white cane roll slowly from the wreckage.

125. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

BOND continues to watch for a few moments. We hear increasing sound of the crackling of flames, and then some smoke drifts up past him. He turns and slowly returns to car.

126. EXT. MISS TAROS HOUSE. DAY.

BOND drives up, parks car out of sight of house, crosses to house.

127. INT. OUTSIDE MISS TAROS DOOR. DAY.

BOND comes into shot, rings bell. Waits. Sound of scuffling feet, then a VOICE calls:

MISS TARO (off)
Just a minute.

The door opens. MISS TARO stands there. She has been washing her hair. A towel is wrapped turbanwise round her head, another sarongwise round her shapely body. Her mouth opens in surprise as she sees BOND.

MISS TARO
Oh!

BOND
Weh had a date, remember?

MISS TARO
(quick recovery, but still badly thrown)
Oh...of course..but I didn't think...you'd...be here... so soon...

127. Continued.

BONDgently smiles and starts to ease in on her.

MISS TARO
You'd better come in. I'll get some clothes on.

She turns and moves to open door of her bedroom.

BOND
Don't go to any trouble on my account...

He takes her shoulders gently and turns her towards him. He kisses her. The towel from her hair slips onto the floor. She pushes him away, annoyed.

BOND
Forgive me. I thought I was invited up here to...admire the view.

The telephone rings in her bedroom. She is still trying to puzzle the situation out...staring at him. She makes no movement.

BOND
(gently releasing her)
You'd better answer it.

She turns away to bedroom, goes in, pushing the door shut behind her.

128. INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

MISS TARO hurries to phone, takes it up.

MISS TARO
Hello...yes...yes...I know... He's here now. I don't know what happened...alll right...I'll keep him here...

The door to the bedroom opens and BOND enters, holding her towel. He looks at her thoughtfully, as if he has some idea he would like to put into practice.

MISS TARO
(into phone)
I must go now...goodbye...

128. Continued.

She hangs up, watches BOND approach her nervously. When he is within touching distance he stops, throws her the towel.

BOND
You shouldn't sit around with wet hair.

He reaches out and takes hold of it. She looks apprehensive.

BOND
(admiringly)
It's very beautiful.

MISS TARO
(pleased at the compliment)
Thank you.

BOND lifts it up, looks at her critically.

BOND
(Casually)
Every wear it up?

MISS TARO
(flattered by his interest)
Sometimes.

BOND
With a face like yours, it must look wonderful.

MISS TARO
(interested)
You think so?

She crosses to the mirror, stands in front of it, looking at herself critically, then raises her arms to put her hair up. The inevitable, which BOND has been hoping for, happens - the bathtowel round her body slips downwards. Her back is towards BOND, but he can see the considerable maximum in the mirror...as she clutches at the falling towel he moves towards her and takes her in his arms.

BOND
(as he bends to kiss her)
I was right...wonderful....

DISSOLVE TO:

129. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

BOND is lying in bed, sheet covering lower part of bare torso, watching MISS TARO do her nails in front of the mirror. She is waring a scanty kimono. He stretches lazily and gets a cigarette from his coat on the back of the chair beside the bed. We catch the merest glimpse of his shoulder holster hanging beneath it.

BOND
I'm hunry. Lets go out and eat.

MISS TARO
(taken aback at this suggestion)
I'll make you a Chinese dinner here.

BOND
No-I'm feeling Italian...and musical...
Let's go to the Blue Mountain Grill.

MISS TARO
(flustered)
I'd rather stay here...we'll
have more fun...alone.

She moves towards him, turning on the seduction again.

BOND
(taking her hand)
I'd hate to see you with dish
pan hands.

MISS TARO
(desparate)
I like cooking.

BOND
No arguments...mind if I use the
phone?

Without waiting for an answer he starts to dial.

MISS TARO
(involuntarily starting)
Who...who are you ringing?

BOND
Calling a taxi
(into phone)
James Bond here..send a car to
2171 Magenta Drive please...as
soon as you can...

129. Continued.

MISS TARO
Didn't you come by car?

BOND
(easily)
Damn thing wouldn't start...
engine trouble...

MISS TARO
(to whom all is now clear)
Oh! That explains...

BOND
(rolling off the bid,
the sheet toga-fashion)
That explains what?

MISS TARO
(covering)
Why you need a taxi...

BOND comes up behind her at the mirror. His hands come down over her shoulders.

MISS TARO
Careful...my nail polish...

He takes the brush from her, starts gently to turn her towards him. He is grinning wickedly. From incipient clinch.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. EXT. OUTSIDE TARO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

A large, anoynmous black car draws up in front.

CAMERA WIDENS ANGLE to pick up BOND AND MISS TARO emerging from front entrance. TRACK FOLLOWS them to car. BOND opens the door and stands aside for her to enter. The light goes on. We see DUFF in back and uniformed POLICY DRIVER at wheel. BOND pushes her gently in. She gasps and draws back. He smiles at her, takes handbag, extracts keys and tosses bag to DUFF.

130. Continued.

BOND
(mock solicitude)
Book her, Commission...Nice quiet cell with a view...and watch her nail polish.

She spits at him. He steps back, brushes his face with back of his hand...grins...closes door gently...raises hand in farewell as car moves off...turns and reenters apartment building. He is humming..."This is a lovely way to spend an eveing."

131. INT. MISS TAROS APARTMENT. NIGHT.

BOND reenters, still humming, closes door, fetches two glasses, pours a little whiskey into each, palces them beside two chairs, moves towards bedroom after taking off coat and hanging it carefull on back of one of the chairs. Switches off lights. Coat is in light from windows.

132. INT. MISS TAROS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

BOND enters, carefully leaving door just off catch. He switches on record-player around switches off lights so that this room, also, is in semidarkness, loosens gun in holster, checks time on luminous watch, goes over to already rumpled bed, pulls back sheet.

133. EXT. MISS TAROS HOUSE. NIGHT.

We see a dark figure hurrying inside.

134. INT. OUSIDE MISS TAROS DOOR. NIGHT.

CAMERA picks up figure from angle at which we do not see his face, just as his hand switches off light in passage. FIGURE goes to door of MISS TARO's. Listens, Carefully takes out key - opens door with infinite precaution. When door is open, takes out gun (silencer) looks inside, sees overcoat and glasses. Hears music from the bedroom, he enters.

135. INT. MISS TAROS. NIGHT.

FIGURE glances round - see bedroom door ajar - creeps over, listens - pushes door gently open - peers round door - sees barely visible dark forms under sheet. KICKS DOOR OPEN - raises gun and fires into forms (silenced "coughing" shots- which, done properly, can sound horrible.)

135. Continued.

BOND
(out of darkness)
Drop it, Professor.

The room springs to life as the light comes on. BOND is seated in chair, one leg over the arm - left hand on table light switch...Walther in right.

BOND
(nonchalantly)
Good evening...I thought you'd be along sooner or later.

DENT
The girl talked?

BOND
No. You gave yourself away. I was suspicious at the Queen's Club - but when you told me that Strangways' radio-active samples were worthless...well...

DENT
Very clever, M'. Bond...but you're up against more than you know... shoot me, and you'll end up like Strangways.

BOND
So it was you who killed him.

DENT
He was killed...never mind how.

As he talks, we see DENT edging imperceptable nearer to his gun on the floor. BOND goes on taliing, seemingly oblivious of DENT's manoeuvering.

BOND
Who are you working for, Professor?

DENT
(we get the impression he is talking to distract BOND's attention as he moves towards his gun)
I may as well tellyou...you won't live to use the information...I'm working for...

135. Continued.

He makes a sudden swift movement towards his gun, picks it up and levels it at BOND. As his finger tightens on the trigger.

DENT (contd.)
(triumphantly)
...Dr. No!

His finger tightens on the trigger, but the hammer clicks down on an empty chamber.

BOND
Only six bullets in a Smith and Wesson, Professor...and I counted them...

He raises his own gun deliverately, squeezes the trigger. DENT spins backwards as if somebody has kicked him, slamming up against a flimsy Chinese table and crushing it as he collapses. He rolls right over onto his back...brings his legas up under his chin and an agonised convulsion.. shotts them straight out...and then lies still. BOND raises and crosses to him. He doesn't need to examine him closely, knowing exactly where he's hit him. He blows the fumes away from his gun, and goes to the bed, where we see two interlaced "forms" made from the bolster and pillow. They are ripped by shots, chared round the edges of the holes, and feathers are scattered. BOND Picks up the phone and dials. His eyes are hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. First alternative version.

DENT
(triumphant)
....Dr. No!

But BOND's inattention has only been assumed. He fires also, but must that much faster, and just that much more accurately. DENT'S BULLET SMACKS INTO THE WALL BEHIND HIM, AND BOND's bullet hits DENT in the center of the chest. DENT spins backwards as though somebody had kicked him, slamming up against a flimsy Chinese table and crushing it as he collapses. He rolls right over onto his back...brings his legs up under his chin in an agonized convulsion...shoots them straight out...and then lies still.

135. Continued first alternative.

BOND rises and crosses to him.. He doesn't need to examine him closely, knowing exactly where he's hit him. He blows away the fumes from his gun, and goes to the bed, where we see two inte-laced forms made from the bolster and pillow. They are ripped by shots, charred round the edges of the holes, and feathers are scattered. BOND picks up the phone and dials. His eyes are hard.

136. Second alternative version.

DENT
...I may as well tell you... you won't live to use the information. I'm working for...

He makes a sudden swift movement towards his gun, but BONDS inattention has been only assumed. Before DENT can reach the gun, BOND has fired. DENT spins backwards as though somebody has kicked him (continue as overleaf)....

136. EXT. DOCKSIDE. NIGHT.

QUARREL sits gloomily in his boat; LEITER, smoking, is walking up and down on quay impatiently. He glances at watch. They both react as sound of BOND's car comes to them. It bumps across the rough surface and stops at water's edge. BOND walks towards them. LEITER throws away his cigarette.

LEITER
(growling)
Where have you been?

BOND
Taking care of Dent - everything ready?

LEITER
Yeah...for the last tow hours.

They jump down into boat. QUARREL sighs and moves to starter of motor. BOND NOTICES his ill-ease. Hb pats him on the shoulder.

BOND
(quietly)
It's going to be all right, Quarrel...

136. Continued.

QUARREL
(resignedly)
If you say so, cap'n.

As the engiven starts up we...

DISSOLVE TO:

137. EXT. OPEN SEA. NIGHT

BOND and LEITER as well as QUARREL at tiller. QUARREL looks up and around him...sniffs...represses slight shiver. His eye goes to small "applejack" type of jar beside him. Hand starts to go out to it. He catches LEITER's eye. LEITER grins. QUARREL scowls and withdraws hand.

QUARREL
Guess this's far as we go wit' engine. Make wit' paddle and wind frum here, cap'n.

He cuts engine and hauls in on painter, pulling small canoe up along side them. BOND gets up, preparing to transfer.

LEITER
(softly)
Let me go with him...

BOND
(shaking head)
We've argued all the way out. Strangways happened to be a friend of min...
(grins)
Anyhow, it's my beat.

LEITER
(reluctantly)
But it's my head in the noose if anything gets unstuck. Canaveral says they can only hold the moon-shoot up for another 24 hours.

BOND
(Stepping into canoe)
We'll be back in twelve. If not, it's your show, and you'd better bring in the Marines.

They grin understandingly.

LEITER
You see a dragon, Quarrel - just

137. Continued.

LEITER (contd.)
get in first and breithe on him...
He'll die happy.

The reast is drowned in creaking of blocks as QUARREL starts to hoist small sail.

DISSOLVE TO:

138. EXT. SEA. ANOTHER PART. NIGHT.

BOND lifts paddle out of water as the canoe speeds forward through smooth sea. QUARREL sleeps in bow.

139. EXT. SEA. ANOTHER PART. NIGHT

We are close on QUARREL. He stirs restlessly, pens eyes, sits up and sniffs.

QUARREL
(softly)
Gettin's close now, cap'n.

BOND
Right, better drop the sail - in case their radar is on scan.

They drop the sail and continue paddling. We hear growing sound of distant surf on reef.

140. EXT. SEA. ANOTHER PART

BOND and QUARREL battle hard against the chop. The canoe is not as light under paddle as sail. Sweat runs down BOND's face. QUARREL paddles comparatively easily and very expertly. We see whiteness of surf on coral and noise comes up louder. The canoe enters the choppy water. They paddle desperately. The channel is dark against white spray.

QUARREL
(tensely)
Now, capn...NOW! Hard round!

The canoe, under their concerted efforts, swings into calmer water of lagoon. They rest for a second...gasping and panting...and look at Crab Key.

141. EXT. CRAB KEY. NIGHT.

It stands dark and sinister against the night sky. There is a broad beach, bounded on one side by a river. Behind the beach the island rises in a borbidding mass of rocky mountain. The quay is on the other side of the island out of sight.

142. EXT. CONOE. NIGHT

BOND and QUARREL start to paddle cautiously towards the beach. There is a rise of water as the canoe noses through the surf backwash and a series of grating bumps QUARREL steers towards a rocky promontoary.

143. EXT. CRAB KEY. BEACH. NIGHT

QUARREL grounds the canoe and they jump ashore. BOND stoops and picks up a handful of pink coral sand. QUARREL throws three lengths of thick "male" bamboo out of boat. They heave the nose up on the first length and push it onto the others...then go through manoeuvre of running it up on rollers...BOND taking last one and bringing it round to the front as they progress.

144. EXT. CRAB KEY. ANOTHER PART. NIGHT.

They push the canoe into the rocks, grass and bushes at the end of the beach, and camouflage it with dried sea-weed and driftwood. BOND looks at his watch and then at the sky.

BOND
(to Quarrel)
We'd better get some rest before it's light.

BOND takes a short bushy branch and starts carefully to sweep over and cover their foot and canoe marks in the sand. QUARREL surreptitously extracts his jar from the canoe and retires among the boulders. BOND completes task down to waterline, then skips from tock to rock back again. H takes Walter from holster, eases back jacket, and applies safety catch, replaces it. He scoops a slight depression in sand, heaves out a few hermit crabs, then lies full length, pillowing head on arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

145. THE SAME. NEXT MORNING. DAY.

The sun beats down on BOND as he sleeps. In the distance, as if in his dreams, he can hear a WOMAN SINGING. Slowly, his eyes open and for a few minutes we see him trying to get thinks into focus. Then, as if conscious of the sounds around him, he straightens up. Then, slowly and carefully, he snakes forward and peers through the screening grasses. His expression registeres sheer unbelief.

146. BOND'S EYEELINE. DAY.

What he sees: HONEY, standing at the water's edge, her back to him. She is naked except for a wisp os home-made bikini and a broad leather belt with an undersea knife in a sheath. (Undersea knife differs from a conventional hunting one in that it has a rather bulky cork handle which causes it slowly to surface fi droppped underwater. This is rather important as they are characteristic.) Her ash-blonde hair hangs to her shoulders, a little wet and bedraggled. Her skin is deep honey cooured. A diving mask is pushed up onto her forehead. At her feet lies a heap of small pink shells. A little further along the beach a small canoe with furled sail is pulled up on the sand, drawn behind some rocks. The GIRL puts down a shell, picks up another and starts to examine it carefully... singing softly. She stretches contentedly like a cat in the warm sun.

147. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

BOND - appreciating what he see, in a moment he takes up the calypso refrain.

148. BOND's EYELINE. DAY

HONEY wheels round, her eyes wide. Her hand drops to her knife...

HONEY
(terrified whisper)
Who's that?

149. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

BOND stands up slowly, walks across the beach to her. His

149. · Continued.

hands, at waist height, are open, to show he is unarmed. She watches him approach, poised for flight.

BOND
(disarmingly)
It's all right...I'm not supposed to be here either. Ar you alone?

HONEY
(suspiciously)
What are yo doing here? Looking for shells?

BOND
No- just looking.

HONEY
You stay where you are.

Her eyes still on his, she stoops and gathers up the pile she has collected.

BOND laughs.

BOND
I promiseyou I won't steal any of them.

HONEY
(darkly)
I promiseyou you won't either.

BOND advances further.

HONEY
(sharply - hand flying to knife)
Stay where you are...

BOND
(easily)
Now, put that away. My intentions are strictly honourable.

He comes to her. She still holds the knife at the ready.

149. Continued.

BOND
What's your name?

HONEY
(after a pause)
Ryder.

BOND
Ryder what?

HONEY
Honey Ryder.
(as BOND smiles)
What's so funny about that?

BOND
Nothing. It's a very pretty name.

HONEY
What do they call you?

BOND
James. Tell me, Honey, did you use your sail right up to the reef?

HONEY
Of course. I always do.

BOND
(frowning)
Then they'll know you're here. They've got radar.

HONEY
My boat's too small to be noticed. I often come to get shells. At first they tried to catch me, but they couldn't. Now I don't think they bother.

BOND
They will this time.
(he takes her arm)
We'd better get out of sight.

149. Continued.

HONEY looks at him for a moment, then pointedly disengages and stoops to pick up the rest of her shells. She moves to where a cnavas sack and a cheap button-through cotton dress are lying. She starts to put the shells carefully into the sack.

BOND
(watching her)
Don't bother about those now...

She looks at him without answering and continues with her task.

BOND
Are they valuable?

HONEY
(suspicion returning)
They're worth five dollars each in Miami...
(ause)
Promise you won't tell anyone?

BOND
(solemnly)
I promise.

HONEY
(with some scorn)
Anyhow, you'd never find the bed. Your chest is big enough...but not the right shape.

BOND
(lips twitching...running eye over her chest)
No...you've got the edge on me there...

HONEY
(impatiently)
I mean for diving...

The sound of faint drone of an engine comes to them both.

149. Continued.

BOND
(amusement vanishing.. grabbing her hand)
Come on...quick.

They run towards the rocks.

150. EXT. ROCKS. DAY.

BOND and HONEY running between the rocks. QUARREL appears suddenly in front of them. HONEY gasps.

BOND
That's all right. Quarrel's a friend.

QUARREL
Boat comin', cap'n.

They stop running and dive for sand...peer out to sea.

151. EXT. HEADLAND. LONG SHOT. DAY.

A thirty-foot cabin cruiser comes into sight.. Polished deck...curved windscreen...teak and brass...low raked...stumpy radio mast. On it are TWO CHINESE NEGROES. They wear khaki ducks and shirts, broad belts, yellow straw baseball caps. ONE holds a loudhailer with wire attached. The OTHER mans a fixed-mound light machine-gun. There is a THIRD CHINESE NEGRO at wheel under awning.

152. EXT. DECK OF CABIN CRUISER. MAN WITH LOUDHAILER. MED. SHOT. DAY.

He drops it so that it hangs round his neck by strap. He takes up binoculars and scans beach. The MAN behind machine-gun looks up at him. The OTHER lowers his glasses and nods.

MAN WITH LOUDHAILER
They're here all right.
(into loudhailer)
Okay, folks! Come on out and you won't get hurt.

153. EXT. BEACH. MED. SHOT. DAY.

BOND, HONEY, AND QUARREL are lying gace downward. Across the beach, as the VOICE comes to them, the cruiser can be seen nosing in. HONEY has changed into her frock. BOND reaches across and draws her gently into his protection.

BOND
Keep close to me.

VOICE OVER LOUDHAILER
We know you're there. We've been expecting you. Just walk out with your hands up and you'll be okay.

BOND
They're bluffing. Borrow into the sand. Every incl will cound.

They both worm down deeper.

154. EXT. DECK OF CRUSIER. MED. SHOT. DAY.

MAN WITH LOUDHAILER
(lifting thumb)
Give 'em a shave.

The MACHINE-GUNNER presses the trigger.

155. EXT. BEACH. DAY

Off-scene there is the swift rattling roar of the machine-gun and bullets kick up the sand: then, as it traverses they come closer and closer to their hiding place.

156. EXT. BEACH. BOND, HONEY, QUARREL. MED SHOT CLOSE. DAY.

As the beaten zone gets closer, BOND rolls over, shielding HONEY's body with his.

BOND
Lie still. It won't last long.
They don't really know where we are.

157. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

VOICE OVER LOUDHAILER
Okay folks.... you been warned. This is it.

158. (156 Continued)

The howling of the bullets is reaching a crescendo. Sand kicks all over them. Then the firing stops. There is silence, broken by the loudhailer.

LOUDHAILER
Come on out...

BOND gestures to QUARREL AND HONEY to keep quiet.

LOUDHAILER
Okay...we'll be back with the dogs...

The sound of the engin moving away comes over scene.

QUARREL
Now you see what I mean about dis place...

BOND
(restraining grin)
That was a machine-gun, not a dragon.

HONEY
(very matter of fact, brushing sand from her face)
There's a dragon here too.

BOND
(lightly)
You've seen it?

HONEY
(solemnly)
Yes, I have.
(shudders)
It had two great glaring eyes... short wings...a pointed tail... it was all black and gold...and it was breathing fire...

QUARREL is praying silently.

HONEY
(seeing BOND's expression)
You don't believe me, do you...?

158. Continued.

QUARREL
(fervently)
Li'l gal...Ah does...Ah tell you, Mis' Bond..Le's get the hell outa here...

BOND
(soothingly)
Listen, Honey. There's no such things as dragons...in the world. You say something that looked like one...and I'm trying to think what it was...

HONEY
(really angry)
How do you know there aren't? Anyhow, what do you know about animals? Have you ever seen the mongoose dance? Or a scorpion with sunstroke sting itself to death? Or a praying mantis eat her husband after making love?

BOND
(solemnly)
I hate to admit it, but I haven't.

HONEY
(clinching it)
Well - I have.

BOND shoots an amused glance at QUARREL. But QUARREL ain't City folk. He's with her.

BOND peers out to sea, then, reassured, rises. He pulls HONEY to her feet.

BOND
All right... they've gon... Honey...you're getting out of here.

HONEY
(not pleased)
I'm going when I'm ready...and that's never in daylight.

158. Continued.

BOND
(firmly)
This time you are...and fast.

He starts inthe direction of her boat.

159. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Near HONEY's boat. BOND AND HONEY, followed by QUARREL. Arrive at the boat. They stand looking down at it in silence. It is shot to ribbons and completely unseaworthy.

HONEY
(accusingly)
Now see what you've done. How am I going to get home?

BOND AND QUARREL exchange glances. They both realise implications.

BOND
(finally...genuine regret)
I'm sorry, Honey. You'll have to come with us. I'll buy you a new boat in Kingston.

Her face cheers up a little.

HONEY
I'll show you where we can hide.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

160. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

In single file, BOND, QUARREL, AND HONEY wade through the slimy water. The bottom is muddy, their fee sink deep into the slime. From time to time, they have to stop and brush away leeches. (Always upwards, not downwards) BOND pauses, turns to HONEY.

BOND
Do you always come this way?

160. Continued.

HONEY
(nodding)
Yes...it throws the dogs off the scent.

BOND slaps at a mosquito angrily.

BOND
Damn mosquitoes.

HONEY
Rub water all over yourself... they don't like that.

BOND giggles at her. She rubs his chest and shoulders iwth water. Their eyes meet. He recognises her innocence...a new facet for BOND.

HONEY
(triumphant)
There, What did I tell you? I know lots of things that you don't.

This moment, which could easily be the most delightful in their whole encounter, is broken by the distant BAYING OF HOUNDS. ALL THREE OF THEM react.

QUARREL
Dey're coming downriver, capn'.

BOND
(instant reaction from the idyllic)
Quarrel - cut some reeds.. I'll look for a side channel where we can hide until they've passed.

QUARREL has pushed to the bank.

161. EXT. CHANNEL. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY. (DAPPLED SUNLIGHT)

BOND, followed by HONEY, has reached a point where they can proceed no further. In the distance we again hear the BAYING OF HOUNDS.

161. Continued.

HONEY
(registering slight fear for the first time)
They're coming closer.

QUARREL joins the, holding three long reeds. HONEY suddenly squeaks, bends and rubs her foot.

BOND
(testing reeds by blowing through them)
Keep quiet, Honey.

HONEY
(aggrieved)
Something bitting my foot...

BOND
(lightly)
Just grin and bear ti...they'll notice someone's been here if the mud's stirred up.

A DOG BARKS. Much nearer.

162. EXT. JUNGLE. ANOTHER PART. DAY.

A pack of BIG DOBERMAN PINSCHERS comes down the river bank. TOW COLOURED MEN IN BATHING TRUNKS and tall waders are "whipping in". The DOGS are hard on a scent.

FIRST MAN
Maybe just an alligator.

SECOND MAN
Bet you dey's laying up somewhere here. Mind dey don't give us an ambush, man...

They draw revolvers from shoulder holsters.

The PACK approach spot where BOND, HONEY AND QUARREL are hiding. They are hot on scent.

163. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY

HONEY AND QUARREL put their breathing reeds in their mouths and sink under water. BOND takes last look round and follows suit.

164. EXT. BANK OF STREAM. DAY

The DOGS, lashed forward by HANDLERS, who still have them on leash, are milling round in state of intense excitement. One breaks away and darts for single strand wire fence running through jungle on bank.

SECOND MAN
(shrieking)
Don't let him get through the wire! Get him back, you fool...

Brief glimpse of a rough notice on the wire. It is in the sign of a death's head skull....with words...

DANGER
DO NOT PASS THIS POINT

The dog turns as the FIRST MAN bellows and cracks his whip. Both MEN sign with relief and mop sweaty faces.

FIRST MAN
Get 'em away from here...

SECOND MAN
(backing away from DOG nervously)
You sure he didn't go through the wire...?

FIRST MAN
(badly scared)
No...no...I turned him back in time. C'mon - let's try de odder side...dis one give me de creeps...

165. EXT. STREAM. DAY.

THE DOGS and the HANDLERS come splashing through the water to the opposite bank. Here almost at once they pick up

165. Continued.

a scent. The BIG DOG that belongs to the FIRST HANDLER starts to upll on the leash excitedly.

166. EXT. JUNDLE RIVER. DAY."

UNDERWATER SHOT: BOND, QUARREL, AND HONEY, holding their nostrils with one hand, their breathing reeds with the other.

167. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

The DOGS and HUNTERS have reached the turn-off into the channel. The DOGS are barking wildly, straining their leads. The HUNTERS shouting to each other encouragingly.

FIRST MAN
Sure looks like dey's something here!

ALL HUNTERS turn in direction of channel.

168. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

UNDERWATER SHOT: BOND, HONEY AND QUARREL. The confusion at the entrance to the channel is sending ripples through the water, together with long streamers of mud. BOND reaches out under water for the knife in HONEY's belt. Slowly he withdraws it.

169. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

The HUNTERS and DOGS. They are moving up-channel, some in the water, some on the bank...approaching it from the opposite direction from that by which BOND, QUARREL AND HONEY CAME...

FIRST HUNTER
Reckon we get 'em now...

They are only a few yeards from the entrance to the channel when suddenly they halt...freeze. We can now clearly see the three reeds protruding from the surfact... but as CAMERA moves with HUNTERS we see a wire-strand fence strung along bank. On it is a notice:

169. Continued

(Deathshead Skull)

DANGER
DO NOT PASS THIS POINT

From its position it is obvious that BOND, QUARREL AND HONEY are in fact the other side of it and in the danger area, having approached from the other direction.

The HUNTERS start to retreat, whipping-in the DOGS and hauling them off the trail. The DOGS, naturally unaware of danger, are frantically trying to break forward towards the reeds. The HUNTERS are equally frantic in hauling and whipping them off downstream parallel to, but at a respectful distance from the fence. They look at it apprehensively as they move.

170. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY

We are close up on three reeds as first BOND, then HONEY and QUARREL, surface. BOND holds up his hand for caution as they listen to sounds of retreating hunters. Satisfied, he motions for them to follow him quietly. They move forward, and in doing so BOND sees the wire and notice for the first time. From his expression, we realise that he is now aware that they've been on the wrong side of it. There is, however, nothing he can do about it. They push on, wading waist deep.

171. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. FROM ANOTHER ANGLE. DAY

We see that one of the HUNTERS is brining up the rear, well behind the main body. His eyes dart from side to side...revolver at the ready...as he moves silently through the water. ONly a slight bend and the overhanging bushes bar the view of the HUNTER and the OTHERS who sre now converging on each other.

172. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

BOND, leading, comes face to face with solitary HUNTER. The HUNTER whips his revolver up and opens his mouth to yell, but BOND has flown silently at him. The knife comes up in a terrible, but short, punching jab. The

172. Continued.

HUNTER's eyes roll horribly. He stands transfixed for a second or so, then falls backwards full length into the water. QUARREL, immedidately behind BOND, grins with satisfaction. HONEY stares wide-eyed with horror.

BOND
(Curtly)
I'm sorry, Honey...It had to be done.

QUARRELY
Dese guys sure know dey's business, cap'n...tailing' up on us when all de odders had passed.

BOND
We're getting out as soon as its dark enough to move. Honey... where's this hiding place of yours?

DISSOLVE TO:

173. EXT. WATERFALL. DAY.

The waterfall cascades down the steep mountainside, falls into a small rock pool set in a narrow strip of open ground between the mountain face and the beginning of a mangrove swamp. BOND and HONEY are washing themselves under the falling water.

HONEY
You smell much nicer already.

BOND
(preoccupied. Grunting)
Thanks...

There is a shout from QUARREL, out of shot.

QUARREL
Hey! What's dese?

They hurry across to him. CAMERA PANS them.

QUARREL is examining tow deep parallel grooves in the muddy

173. Continued

ground, with a fainter one in the centre. The tracks run right scross the open ground into the swamp.

HONEY
(wide-eyed)
Those are dragon tracks.

QUARREL reacts, rolling his eyes skywards and muttering. BOND examines the tracks with interest.

HONEY
(moving to one side... searching)
Look! That's where it breathed!

She points to patch of scorched and charred sea-grape clumps. BOND examines these also...touching them.. smelling fingers.

QUARREL
(nervously)
Cap'n, you-all go into de cave to get some rest if'n you want to. I'se staying out heah on watch in case it smells us out and comes a-looking for us.

BOND
Right. I'll take the second watch. We'll move from here round midnight.

He joins HONEY, who has made her way right up to the waterfall, laughing as the water splashes over her. As they go through curtain of water, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

174. INT. CAVE UNDER WATERFALL

The light, filtered through a thick curtain of filtered water, has a green, fairylike quality. BOND AND HONEY are seated on the carpet of moss-covered rock. HONEY stares at him with interest as he carefully dries the parts of his stripped-down Walther with a scrap of rag, reassembles and reloads it.

174. Continued.

HONEY
I've never met a detective before. Are you going to arrest Dr. No?

BOND
(grunting, preoccupied with task)
Someone is. We can't let him go on trying to kill everyone who comes here.

HONEY
(solemnly)
He doesn't just try. I'm pretty certain he killed my father.

BOND
(reacting with interest)
What do you mean by that?

HONEY
(explaining matter-of-factly)
You see, my father was a Marine Zoologist, and we came to the Caribbean for him to study sea-shells. One day he came to Crab Key and I never say him again. They said he must have been causght by a gaint clam and drowned... but he was far too good a diver for that to happen.

BOND
Didn't the police investigate? What about your family?

HONEY
(shrugging)
Oh - the police investigated for a long time...then they said, "missing presumed dead". I haven't got any family...there was only father and me.

174. Continued.

BOND
(insisting)
You mean, you're here all on your own? But you must have some relations. Where did you live before you came to the Caribbean?

HONEY
(calmly)
All over the place. The Philippines... Bali...Hawaii...just about everywhere there are shells...

BOND
Didn't you ever go to school?

HONEY
I didn't need to. We had an encyclopaedia.
(proudly)
I started at "A" when I was eight. I've reached "T" now. I bet I know a lot more things than you.

BOND
Didn't anybody in Kingston help you?

HONEY
(repressing slight shudder of distaste)
The man who owned the place where we were living let me stay on for a bit without paying...then one night ...he...he came up to my room, and wanted to.....well.....you know. I scratched his face, but he was much stronger than me.

BOND
(face hardening)
What happened after that?

HONEY
(matter-of-factly)
I put a Black Wido spider under his mosquito net one night....A female..

174. Continued.

HONEY (contd.)
they're the worst...he took a week to die...'

BOND
God Almighty!

HONEY
(slightly worried by his reaction)
Do you think I shouldn't have?

BOND
(swallowing hard)
It wouldn't do to make a habit of it.

He spins round as QUARREL burst through the water curtain. His eyes are starting from his head and he is gasping.

QUARREL
Cap'n...cap'n...The dragon.... it coming this way for sure...

BOND darts out of frame after QUARREL. HONEY rises to her feet and follows.

175. EXT. WATERFALL. NIGHT.

BOND, HONEY AND QUARREL come quickly through the curtain of water, start to run off through the mangrove swamp.

176. EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP. NIGHT.

BOND, HONEY AND QUARREL running between the petrified stumps which rise from the mud. HONEY falls; BOND picks her up and helps her on. Now that the noise of the waterfall is receding we can palinly hear the low moaning roar and deep rhythmic thud of the approaching "dragon". The THREE OF THEM reach dry firmer ground and drop down, panting for breath.

177. EYELINE SHOT

From BOND's angle, several h-ndred yards away, a black shapeless thing is moving through the mangroves. As it comes closer, two glaring eyes with black pupils become clear. Between the eyes, where the mouth might be, a yard of blue flame flickers. As it approaches, the blue flame shoots out and illuminates it for a moment. It is the dragon...just as HONEY has described it.

178. EXT. WATERFALL. NIGHT.

BOND, HONEY AND QUARREL

QUARREL
(triumph almost overcoming
See, cap'n...What's det if it ain't a dragon?

BOND
(tersely)
A dragon that runs on diesel engines. Forget the spooks, Quarrel. When it gets within range, you take the driver and I'll aim for the headlights and tyres...
(to HONEY)
You stay here out of the way. Come on, Quarrel...

They separate. BOND takes cover behind some rocks. QUARREL crouches behind a clump of bushes. Both cock guns. QUARREL rolls his eyes and kisses his.

179. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT

The "dragon" thumps its way nearer.

180. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

BOND raises his gun, fires. The bullet ricochets off into the night.

181. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

From his position, QUARREL also fires.

182. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

BOND fires again.

183. EYELINE

One of the headlights goes out.

184. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT

QUARREL fires two of three times. The bullets ping ineffectually off the "dragon".

185. EYELINE

The "dragon" alters course slightly towards QUARREL's clump.

186. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT

Behind him, BOND senses movement. He glances round. HONEY is crawling toward him, wide- eyed with fear.

BOND
(firing again)
I told you not to move...

HONEY
I was frightened....

BOND
(sharply)
Lie down...out of the way...

He fires again and again. The bullets make no impact at all.

187. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT

QUARREL firing. His bullets are having no effect either. The "dragon" is very near him now. Suddenly he stands up, runs forward to take cover behind another clump, firing at pointblank range between the "eyes."

188. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT

BOND watching.

189. BOND's EYELINE. THE DRAGON.

Suddenly a yellow-tipped tongue of flame howls out towards QUARREL. The whole clump disappears in an crackling roar and flash.

190. BOND's EYELINE. THE DRAGON.

BOND throws an arm round HONEY.

BOND
(urgently)
Honey! Dont look...dont look...

As he speaks there is one unearthly scream. BOND looks back.

191. BOND'S EYELINE. THE DRAGON.

The "dragon", satisfied, is swinging slowly round onto BOND. He knows it is the end. He turns towards HONEY and takes her in his arms, holding her head against his chest so she cannot see what is happening. He waits. The moment seems endless.

There is the metallic twang of a loudhailer.

VOICE
Come on out...hands where we can see them...and the dame.
(sharply)
Quick...unless you want to fry like your pal.

BOND raises his head.

192. BOND's EYELINE.

The "dragon" spits a lick of flame warningly halfway towards them.

VOICE
Want it all the way?

193. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

BOND gets to his feet slowly, helping HONEY. He takes her hand, leads her slowly forward.

BOND
(quietly)
Don't be frightened.

VOICE
(warningly)
Hold it...drop that gun!

BOND lets his gun fall to ground.

VOICE
Kick it away.

BOND does so.

194. EXT. DRAGON. NIGHT

There is a clang as a steel door opens and a CHINESE NEGRO climbs down from dome of turret and frops to ground. He walks towards them...gun in one hand...a pair of American police handcuffs in the other...Another CHINESE NEGRO appears in the turret covering them with a gun. Both are dressed bizarrely in what we lwarn later are decontamination suits. A few yards from BOND and HONEY, the FIRST MAN stops.

FIRST MAN
Hold our your hands...wrists together...now walk towards me.. slowly, unless you want an extra navel...

BOND moves towards him. The MAN snaps the handcuffs on

The BOND turns away and starts to move over to the blackened clump of bushes behind which QUARREL's body lies.

The GUARD raises his gun.

A bullet kicks into the ground just in front of BOND.

194. Continued.

BOND
(halting)
I'm going to take a look at my friend.

He moves on.

FIRST GUARD
(sneering)
Sorry we ain't got any flowers.

195. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

BOND approaching the blackened bush, and moving around it. He looks down towards where Quarrel lies. His eyes and mouth wince at what he sees.

He turns away.

196. EXT. DRAGON. NIGHT

The GUARD watches impatiently as BOND comes back towards him. He pushes BOND roughly towards the dragon, indicating HONEY to follow. He covers them both from the rear. The SECOND MAN jumps down as they approach rear of dragon and opens a small door in it.

FIRST MAN
Get in.....

HONEY hesitates, looking at BOND. The SECOND MAN grabs her by the hair, and jerks her savagely towards the door. She gives a little cry.

BOND, withouta word, spins round and brings both his manacled hands smashing into the OTHER's face. He spins back, his headpiece shattered. The FIRST MAN brings his gun down crashing into the back of BOND's neck. BOND drops to his knees, then pitches forward...out like a light. The SECOND MAN, clearing debris from his bleeding face...mouthing curses...jerks HONEY into the dragon... and together the GUARDS stoop to pick up BOND. As they do so...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

197. INT. DECONTAMINATION CENTRE. NIGHT.

The large, electrically operated doors of the decontamination centre rise slowly, and outside them we see the dragon standing. BOND AND HONEY are brought round from the back by the TWO GUARDS and hustled under the doors, where two OPERATIVES, also in decontamination suits, meet them. The GUARDS leave. Behind them the doors close slowly.

Inside, the centre is all white glazed tiles, and running the full length of the room is a narrow automatic treadmill, built on the lines of an automatic car washer, in which various washing devices, brushes, water and detergent sprays are installed at intervals. In front of it is a shoulder-high translucent wall and on the back wall are a series of marked dials, corresponding to various arch-like check points along the treadmill, on which the degree of radio-activity of the subject is shown.

While BOND AND HONEY still stand just inside the door the TWO OPERATIVES approach the, carrying a couple of hoses with wide-angle nozzles, which they direct on BOND AND HONEY, drenching them from head to foot with the strong jets. Then the hoses are turned off and they are motioned towards the beginning of the treadmill. One of the OPERATIVES speaks, into a small built-in microphone attached to his head-piece.

OPERATIVE
(pointing to treadmill opening)
Take off your clothes and go in there.

His VOICE comes back, distorted through a loud-speaker attached to the wall. BOND AND HONEY look startled. He glances round, comes to a decision.

BOND
(to HONEY)
All right...Do as they say...

HONEY steps behind the glass screen and starts to undress, while another OPERATIVE goes up to BOND and unlocks his handcuffs.

197. Continued

HONEY's clothes come piece by piece over the glass screen. As they come, an OPERATIVE picks them up with the aid of long slave-tongs, and carries them away to what appears to be an incinerator shoot on the other side of the centre.

HONEY moves along the treadmill. We see her figure vaguely outlined through the glass. An OPERATIVE Motions to BOND to follow here. He does so, removing his clothes as she did. They too are carefully carried away.

There is the swish of water as the showers above and to either side of the treadmill are switched on.

OPERATIVE
Under the showers, please...

BOND AND HONEY move slowly along going through all the various processes of decontamination - sprayed with detergent, rubbed down with various kinds fo brushes, automatic and wielded by ATTENDANTS - still in decontamination kit.

As they start to move up the treadmill, the first dial registers rights past the "danger" mark...as they move progressively further, getting progressively cleaner, the dial register drops accordingly. At the far end of the treadmill the jets of water are replaced by jets of air, blowing their hair about wildly and they are fried, and finally when they emerge from the other end of the treadmill, the dial reading marks "Normal Radiation".

TOW CHINESE ATTENDANTS, this time in towelling robes, approach them and lead them towards a geiger counter fitting. The reading, as BOND steps on to it, is negative. The ATTENDANT signs to him to put his hands into it. BOND does so. There is an immediate increase in the clicking. The ATTENDANT takes a pair of scissors attached to her belt by a chain, and trims his nails quickly and skillfully, then indicates to him to put his hands near machine again. He does so. This time the reading is nagative. She hands him a kimono and motion him towards a heavy door in the wall.

He turns towards HONEY who is being helped into a kimono. She draws it across her hastily to cover her nakedness.

197. Continued.

The ATTENDANT holds open the heavy door, indicating that they should go through into the airlock on the other side. BOND AND HONEY go in. The door closes behind them.

198. INT. AIRLOCK. NIGHT

BOND AND HONEY. They look at each other. The inner door swings open automatically. They move out into the...

199. INT. RECEPTION CENTRE. NIGHT.

t is the sort of reception rrom one would find only in the most expensive clinics or health centres, or beauty parlours. It is ultra-modern and has everything calculated to soothe and impress. TWO WOMEN, dressed entirely in white come forward to greet them with professional courtesy. Both are petite and attractive...with some Chinese blood. They beam with the hostess' desire to make their guests feel at home.

SISTER LILY
(coming from behind desk)
You poor dears...we simply didn't know when to expect you. First it was tea-time yesterday, then dinner... and it was only half an hour ago that we really knew you were on your way...

BOND can be forgiven for staring blankly at her. The OTHER comes forward with a big silver cigarette box.

SISTER ROSE
(brightly)
Cigarette? These are American... those English...those Turkish...

BOND still says nothing as he selects a Turkish which the OTHER lights for him.

SISTER ROSE
I'm Sister Rose...This is Sister Lily. We're here to make your stay as pleasant as possible.

BOND draws deeply on his cigarette and tries to pull himself together.

199. Continued

BOND
That's really most kindof you... but for the moment...

SISTER LILY
(quickly)
Of course...you'll be wanting to see your rooms. Breakfast has already been ordered...and then you'll want to sleep, poor dears. Fourteen and fifteen, Sister Rose?

She indicates to BOND to lead on down the corridor. HONEY who has been staring wide-eyed, quickly reaches out and takes BONDS hand.

SISTER ROSE
(checking register)
Their rooms are ready.

SISTER LILY
Thank you, dear.

CAMERA TRACKS BOND, HONEY AND SISTER LILY along the corridor. Their feet sink deeply in heavy-pile carpet. Still the bright, cheerful chatter from SISTER LILY.

SISTER LILY
The Doctor has given the strictest instructions that you're not to be disturbed until this evening. He's be delighted if you'd join him for dinner...
(glances at BOND in enquiry)
Shall I say you....?

BOND
(solemnly)
Tell him I also will be delighted.

SISTER LILY
(twittering)
Oh, splendid. I know he'll be pleased. Here we are.

She opens door and steps aside for them to enter.

200. INT. BEDROOM. DR. NO'S. NIGHT

A large, charmingly furnished room, somewhat American in style, iwth, on one side a bathroom leading off it, and on the other side a communicating door to another bedroom. A table (wheeled) is in the centre of the room with shining silver, spotless napery and covers for the electric hotplate.

SISTER LILY
(pointing towards a door)
You'll find fresh clothes in there. I hope they fit. We only got your sizes last night.

She goes back to the door and smiles at them with genuine warmth.

SISTER LILY
Don't hesitate to ring if there's Anything else you want. Anything at all.

BOND
Two tickets to London?

SISTER LILY
(not hearing them)
And now I'll leave you two dear people in peace.

The door closes behind her. HONEY shoots across, and then stares blankly at the place where the knob should be. BOND is already pouring coffee.

BOND
No windows either...or didn't you notice?

HONEY
It's a prison then....?

BOND
Mink-lined...and first class service. Have some breakfast.

200. Continued

HONEY
(fiercely)
How can you eat at a time like this?

BOND
Because I'm hungry...and we don't know when we'll see food again...

HONEY
(timidly, as she pours out coffee for both of them)
Have you...have you any idea what they're going to do with us?

She picks up her cup and starts to drink.

BOND
(helping them both to kidneys and bacon)
No idea...
(dropping his voice)
Careful...the whole place is probably wired for sound.

HONEY suddenly puts down her cup with a clatter.

BOND
(who has just started to drink his own coffee)
What's the matter?

HONEY
I suddenly feel so...so... sleepy...

She yawns and goes limp. BOND puts down his cup and tries to catch her as she falls.

BOND
(slurred)
Damn coffee...I should've known.

Then he too crashes in a heap on the floor. Simultaneously the scene...

FADES OUT:

200. Continued.

There is a faint musical bridge...and then..ever the darkness we hear the sound of a door opening.

We see DR. NO's silhouette standing in the communicating doorway between BOND's and HONEY's bedrooms. He moves forward and we see in the widening beam of light from the opening door the form of a MAN lying under a sheet on a bed in the otherwise blacked-out room. CAMERA TRACKS IN to bed. A vague, but menacing shadow falls across the MAN as the figure advances into frame and gently draws sheet back to reveal that the man is BOND, breathing heavily in a drugged sleep. DR. NO stands motionless for a moment, looking at him. Then he takes the sheet in his mechanical hand and pulls it back up again, then the shadow recedes and the beam of light from the door narrows, until once more we are in total darkness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

201. INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM. DR. NO'. NIGHT.

There is a pile of silk kimonos on the bed, and HONEY is just slipping out of one and into another when she hears the VOICE OF BOND behind her.

BOND
(off)
How do you feel?

HONEY swings round, pulling the kimono up in front of her because at the moment she is quite naked. BOND comes towards her. He is dressed in a clean shirt and trousers.

HONEY
Sleepy...what on earth made us pass out like that?

BOND
(working his mouth with distaste)
A drug in the coffee...

He turns sharply as the outer door opens and a smiling SISTER LILY appears.

201. Continued

SISTER LILY
(brightly)
It's almost time for dinner. We don't want to deep the Doctor waiting, do we?

BOND
(ironic)
That would never do
(turning to HONEY)
Ready, Honey?

HONEY tries to smile, but we see she is suddenly afraid.

HONEY
(falteringly, as she finishes adjusting her kimono)
I suppose so...

He crosses over to her and in a what for him is a strangely gentle way, kisses her on the cheek. He looks into her eyes.

BOND
(softly)
You're doing fine.
(to Sister Lily)
Am I dressed properly for the occasion?

He indicates his shirt, and silk jacket.

SISTER LILY
(admiringly)
Quite suitable.

BOND
(with some meaning)
Suitable for what?
(he turns to HONEY, holding out a hand)
Come along, Honey.

They follow Sister Lilly out.

202. INT. CORRIDOR. DR. NO'S. NIGHT.

SISTER LILY leads them along the corridor. HONEY's

203. Continued

apprehension is mounting again. She clings to BOND's hand. She raises it to her breast and presses it there.

HONEY
(in a whisper)
I'm glad your hand is sweating too.

BOND squeezes her hand.

BOND
I'm scared too...Now remember, be natural and leave the talking to me.

SISTER LILY has stopped in front of a plain door. She presses a button and the door slides sideways. We see it is an elevator.

SISTER LILY
In here please...I hope you enjoy your dinner...

HONEY hesitates. She looks at BOND pitifully. He steps into the elevator, drawing her after him.

The door snaps shut.

204. INT. SMALL ELEVATOR. NIGHT

BOND AND HONEY. The lights dim a little. BOND has encircled the frightened HONEY in his arms. He holds her tight.

The whineing stops and the lights come on. The door slides aside automatically. They step out. Behind them the door slides softly shut again.

205. INT. LIVING ROOM. DR. NO's. NIGHT

They go forward a few paces and then halt in amazement they are fascinated by what they see.

The room is high-ceilinged, about sixty feet ling, combining the elements of a study and library, but with furnishings and fittings so fantastic that it is impossible to imagine what sort of man lives here. The fourth wall of the room appears, at first glance, to be made of solid

205. Continued

blue-black glass.

A flurry of movement the other side of the glass catches BONDS eye. He swings round quickly. As he walks towards it we see that the wall is, in fact, a huge pane of plate glass, behind which fish are swimming. A big grouper with goggling eyes gazes in, then whisks away. A silver swarm of anchovies speeds past. The twenty-foot tendrils of Portuguese men-o'-war drift slowly across; a big tulip shell is crawling up the window; angel fish are rubbing themselves against the glass.

HONEY stares with the passion of the born biologist. BOND calculates the more material problems.

BOND
(softly)
I can't make out the surface light level...we must be hundreds of feet below the sea.

HONEY
That's the sea-tulip. They can't live above two hundred feet.

BOND examines the aquarium with interest. Behind him a voice says quietly --

DR. NO (off)
One million dollars, Mr. Bond.

BOND swings round. DR. NO has entered silently from another room and is coming towards them. He is impeccably dressed in a tussore suit. Apart from his slanting eyes he might be an European business man. Behind him two Chinese Negor guards stand silently be the door.

DR. NO
You were wondering what it cost.

BOND
I was.

205. Continued

DR. NO
Forgive me for not shaking hands. I am unable to with these. It is a misfortune. You were admiring my aqaurium.

BOND
Quite impressive.

DR. NO
A unique feat of engineering. I designed it myself. The glass is convex, and .... inches thick, which acccounts for the magnifying effect.

BOND
Minnows pretending they're whales... like you on this island, Dr. No.

DR. NO
It depends which side of the glass you're on.

A WAITER enters, approaches BOND with a tray on which are two glasses.

DR. NO
A medium Vodka dry Martini...with a slice of lemon peel. Shaken, not stirred.

BOND
Crushed ice, I hope.

DR. NO
Of course
(to Waiter)
The coca-cola is for the girl, and dinner at once...
(to Bond)
We have much to discuss and so little time.

DISSOLVE TO:

206. INT. DINING ROOM. DR. NO's. NIGHT

This is an alcove off the living room, opposite which the aquarium wall glows distantly beyond the fainter lights of candles. Dinner has reached the cheese, fruit and nuts stage. In front of BOND is a cheese board with a serrated-edge knife balanced on it. BOND is helping himself as the scene starts.

DR. NO
I was the unwanted child of a German missionary and a Chinese girl of good family, but I became treasurer of the most powerful criminal society in China.

BOND
It's rare for the Tongs to trust anyone who isn't wholly Chinese.

DR. NO
They shouldn't have trusted me. I came to America with ten million of their dollars, in gold.

BOND
More cheese?
(Dr. No shakes his head)
So that's how you financed this operation. It was a good idea to use atomic power...I was glad to see you can handle it properly. I'd hate to think the decontamination chamber wasn't effective.

As he speaks he is quietly edging the cheese knife towards him and into his sleeve.

DR. NO
I learnt allthere is to know about radioactivity the hard way...
(holds up hands)
by losing these...

BOND
Your power source had our organsation puzzled for some time.

206. Continued

DR. NO
Bluff, Mr. Bond. They are still puzzled.

BOND
Not any longer. I sent a full report.

He takes a drink from his glass. The knife slips up his sleeve and drops out of sight.

DR. NO
Bluff again. You haven't contacted your headquarters since your request for a geiger counter...

BOND
There are too many files open on you Dr. No. Our own...The CIA's the Tong society you robbed. When trouble comes you'll find this a very small and naked island.

DR. NO
Crab Key is expendable. When My missionhere is accomplished I shall destroy it and move on...
(as Bond looks interested)
The habit of enquiry is persistent.. you are wondering where? WHY? When? I will gratify your curiosity. You are the only person I have ever met capable of appreciating what I have done...and of keeping it to yourself.

BOND
Just a minute. There's no point in involving the girl. She has nothing to do with us. Let her go free. She'll promise not to talk.

HONEY
No I won't. I'm staying with you.

206. Continued

BOND
I don't want you.

DR. NO.
I agree the girl has no place here.
(to a guard)
Take her away. She can amuse the guards.

HONEY cries out with fear and struggles ineffectively in the guard's arms as she is draffed from her chair and over to the door. BOND jumps to his feet, reaching out for a champagne bottle to use as a weapon, but as his hand tightens round it his airms are sized from behind by another guard.

DR. NO
That's a Dom Perignon '55. It would be a pity to break it.

BOND slinks slowly back to his chair, pulls himself together, puts the bottle back carefully on the table. He glances at the label.

BOND
I prefer the '53 myself.

DR. NO
You are deliberately trying to patronize me. T-is is ill-advised you disappoint me, Mr. Bond. I had expected someone nearer the mental level of myself...and put the knife back, Mr. Bond.

BOND
We can't all be geniuses, can we? And does the pleasure of toppling American missiles really compensate for having no hands?

DR. NO
The missles are only the first step to prove our power to the world.

206 Continued

BOND:
Our power? With your disregard for human life you must be working for the East.

DR. NO:
East... West... Just points of the compass. Each as stupid as the other. I am a member of SPECTRE.

BOND:
Spectre?

He reaches out for a cigarette from a box on the table. Picks up a lighter standing beside it, lights the cigarette as DR. NO talks.

DR. NO:
I dislike your clumsy efforts to make me talk... SPECTRE is the special executive for counter-intelligence, terrorism, revenge and extortion... the four great corner-stones of power. It is headed be the greatest brains in the world.

BOND:
Correction... criminal brains.

He puts the lighter down in front of him, crosses his arms over it casually.

DR. NO:
The successful criminal brain is always superior... it has to be.

BOND:
Why become criminal. The West would be glad to use a Scientist of your calibre.

DR. NO:
The Americans are fools. I offered them my services... they refused. So did the East. Now they will both pay for their mistake.

206 Continued

As DR. NO talks, BOND slips the lighter into his pocket. This time he has got away with it.

BOND:
So it's world domination. The same old dream.

DR. NO:
Not a dream. Reality.

BOND:
The asylums are full of people who think they're Napoleon or God.

DR. NO:
You persist in trying to anger me. Don't push me too far. I could have had you killed in the swamp.

BOND:
Why didn't you?

DR. NO:
You are more stupid than I thought. Usually when a man gets in my way I brush him aside... but you were different. You cost me time... money... effort... you damaged my organisation... yes, and my pride. I became curious to know what kind of man you were. I even thought there might be a place for you in Spectre.

BOND:
Very flattering. I'd prefer the revenge department. Of course, I'd want to start with the man responsible for killing Strangways and Quarrel.

DR. NO:
Unfortunately I misjudged you. You're just a stupid policeman, whose luck has run out. You're the type I crush... like that.

206 Continued

In one of his artificial hands he picks up a small metal object which lies on the table. In a moment the object is a shapeless mass. Despite himself, BOND is impressed by the tremendous power in the artificial hands. A man (CHANG) enters from the side door, bows.

CHANG:
They're waiting for you, Doctor No.

DR. NO stands up.

DR. NO: (to BOND)
We've plenty of time to get ready. They won't have started their count-down check.

BOND:
This time you won't pull it off. The Americans are ready for trouble...

DR. NO:
I never fail in anything I do.

He turns for the door, leaving BOND almost contemptuously. The FIRST GUARD moves forward as BOND makes a slight move to follow, catches his arms.

1ST GUARD: (calling to NO)
What do we do with him?

NO turns, hesitates as though he had forgotten all about BOND.

DR. NO: (finally)
For the moment, just soften him up. I haven't finished with him yet.

He exits. The GUARDS turn on BOND. One holds... one hits. At the first blow...

DISSOLVE TO:

Please continue Sc.207 Page 119

207. INT. A SMALL CELL.

It is bare except for a plank bed fastened to one wall, and windowless except for a fairly large grilled ventilator under the ceiling above the bed.

BOND is crumpled up on the floor. He is in a hell of a state and has obviously been put through the mill. After a few moments he starts to move. He gets painfully to his hands and knees, then finally to his feet. He staggers to the door, and finds that it is handleless. He weaves round the cell examining the walls, then finally turns his attention to the ventilator. It is just possible to reach it by standing on the bed. As his fingers come into contact with it, there is a blue flash and he is hurled accross the cell. The light jumps and dims. He recovers and goes back to it. He sees the end of a small piece of flex smouldering. He touches it warily. No reaction. The current is fused. He pulls on the flex and shoves it to one side. Tests the grille again. He manages to shake it loose and pull it down...then he hauls himself up into it.

208. INT. SHAFT.

BOND in shaft. Light from cell behind him. He peers ahead and then starts to crawl.

209. INT. SHAFT.

BOND further along. He comes to another vertical shaft. There is no way to go except down. He leans over and examines it.

210. BOND'S EYELINE.

Faint light from somewhere at the bottom of the shaft makes it possible to see how deep it is, and how smooth.

211. INT. SHAFT.

BOND runs his fingers over surfact to seek for hand and footholds. There are occasional bumps where tubes are welded. He hesitates for a moment and then drops his legs into hole, gets tenuous hold with his feet, slides shoulders into position, starts going down like a potholder----hands, feet, shoulders----hands, feet, shoulders.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

212. INT. SHAFT.

BOND halfway down shaft. His face is covered with sweat. Suddenly one hand, also sweaty, slips. He falls several feet before he can stop himself. He pauses, breathing deeply, getting back his nerve. Then he starts to go down again.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

BOND, seen from bottom of shaft, looking up from another tunnel. He is about twelve feet from the bottom. We see his feet feeling for a hold, slipping. He recovers...inches down...slips again. This time he cannot stop himself and goes the whole way, to land in a heap at the foot of the shaft. He lies where he has fallen for a moment, then slowly sits up and rubs his ankle.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

BOND, crawling along another horizontal shaft. He is covered with sweat, shirt soaking. Every couple of feet he has to wipe his eyes and push his hair away. He is panting painfully. He reaches a corner, rounds it. At the far end there seems to be a light. He starts forward again, draws back back quickly, sucking his fingers. He tears a piece of cloth from his shirt and throws it forward. As he watches it, it turns brown and starts to smoulder. His shoulders sag.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

BOND in same position. He has torn his shirt into strips, and is just finishing binding them round hands and feet. Then he pulls himself forward into heated tube. After a few feet the rags on his hands start to smoulder. From other end of tube, BOND crawling towards CAMERA. The rags round hands and feet are smouldering heavily. He lurches and nearly collapses, then forces himself onwards. Suddenly there is a roaring sound and a rush of water comes tearing down towards him. He looks up, sees it coming, and with a last conscious effort braces himself to meet it. The water surges over him and races on down the tunnel, hisses as it cools the overheated plates. In a moment it has passed, but BOND doesn't move.

DISSOLVE TO:

212. Continued

BOND in the same position. The shaft is heating up again. What remains of his clothing has dried. He stirs, moves, groans. Then he opens his eyes. He considers for a moment, then fumbles for the jade lighter in trouser pockets. He flicks it on and watches flame. He takes direction away from the main source of air.

FURTHER ALONG

A ventilator like the one he has crawled through. BOND reaches it, pauses, looks through.

213. BOND'S EYELINE. (through mesh)

A small room, like the cool room of the Decontamination Unit. It is empty.

214. INT. ANTE-ROOM. DECONTAMINATION CENTRE. DAY

A sudden muffled crash and the grille is hanging away. BOND, with difficulty, pushes it aside, continuing to hold onto metal so it doesn't fall and make a noise.

He clambers out of the shaft, drops down to floor. He is almost completely spent. He leans back against wall, fighting for air in his tortured lungs. He glances round, taking in the equipment, the metal cupboards lining the room. He moves silently to the door, opens it carefully, glancing out. A low hum and bleeping sound comes to his ears. He looks worried by what he sees, shuts the door

214. Continued

again, moves to a cupboard and opens it. Inside hangs a large number of decontamination suits. He takes one down hurriedly and starts to put it on.

215. INT. REACTOR ROOM. MEDIUM SHOT

We are fairly close on DR. NO, at the Master Position, alternately watching the huge globe in front of him, and the television tubes to his side. He makes delicate adjustments to controls from time to time. As he does, we see the globe glow translucently from inside and come up in form of huge, factual map of the world. The Western (North American) aspect is the one towards us.

INSERT

We ZOOM to a VCU of the spot that is CAPE CANAVERAL, then cut to four-screen television set beside it. As yet there is no sound from it but we wee familiar signs of activity round a huge rocket on its launching pad. There is an occasional brief, muted word from THREE OR FOUR OPERATORS at the control consoles, who study dials and make adjustments. Over everything is a subdued hum of electric generators. Over that again, an air of tense, concentrated expectancy. Everybody is concentrating on his own job, but with an eye on DR. NO.

Beside DR. NO stands an operative, in a suit identical to BOND's.

DR. NO
Are all the fuel elements canned, Chang?

OPERATOR (CHANG)
Just two more to do.

He hurries away. CAMERA PANS to follow him, as he moves back to his position near the door leading to the ante-room, thus disclosing the entire layout of the Reactor Room. He takes up the slave manipulators and completes his task. Then he moves towards the ante-room door.

216. INT. ANTE-ROOM.

BOND is dressed in his suit, only the face-piece is still open. CHANG enters.

The next minute CHANG is going down silently like a poll-axed bull, from a vicious rabbit chop from BOND. CAMERA WIDENS to take in BOND going down on one knee in small of MAN's back, taking head between two hands and giving a quick sideways jerk. The MAN grunts gaspingly and goes completely limp. BOND drags him behind screen.

217. INT. AIRLOCK. DAY

BOND, now completely dressed in protective suit, wearing mouth-piece as high as possible, comes into the airlock compartment that leads to Decontamination Unit. A FACE appears at the porthole, and as one door closes, the other opens. BOND goes through.

218. REACTOR ROOM

BOND enters. He moves to a spot near the glass screens, where he can see everything. Everybody is dressed in similar suits to BOND, but without face-pieces adjusted. He looks towards DR. NO.

219. BOND'S EYELINE - INTERCUT WITH VARIOUS SHOTS OF BOND WATCHING

DR. NO takes key from pocket and inserts in lock on control desk. Illuminated panel on control desk (6" square) is showing the word "Safe." He adjusts face-piece. OTHERS watching him follow suit, so BOND is no longer conspicuous. DR. NO leans forward, presses switch labelled "Intercom," speaks into microphone on stem on control desk.

DR. NO
(VOICE over loudspeakers)
Stand by for final test. We will run up to half power for thirty seconds. Control rod interlocks free. Controls?

He leans forward, turns key on desk. "Safe" panel extinguishes, a similar panel reading "Active" lights up.

219. Continued

1st VOICE
(acknowledging)
Control rod actuators operating.
Core temperature three-one-one.

A MAN works the "magnetic crane", i.e. actuators. We see tank interior, cubic core in centre, illuminated with deep blue Cerenkov radiation which intensifies as rods are withdrawn. Humming note increases.

DR. NO
(over loudspeakers)
Convertors?

2nd VOICE
Convertors standing by. Ignition heaters on.

DR. NO
(over loudspeakers)
Radiation?

3rd VOICE
Conters 121, 141, 1 zero 9. Rate zero.

DR. NO
(over loudspeakers)
Fuel elements?

220. INT. REACTOR ROOM.

BOND taking in the scene.

There is no reply, since the man BOND had encountered outside was the fuel element operator.

DR. NO (off)
(over loudspeakers, angrily)
Fuel Elements! Where is Chang?

A MAN hurrying past BOND, looks startled. He gives BOND, standing with notes and pad, a shove.

220. Continued

MAN
No day-dreaming to-day, Chang, or you're going to be in trouble. Elements go in too far, we all fry!!

BOND has no option but to go towards DR. NO. DR. NO glances at him sharply; it looks for a second that BOND has been unmasked behind his face-piece, but DR. NO gestures impatiently for him to take up his position on the gantry, and turns to look at controls. We see relief in the sudden slump of BOND'S tensed shoulders.

DR. NO
(over loudspeakers)
Shut down.....

VOICES
1) Control rods shut down. Temperature 227, falling.

2) Convertors off....

3) Radiation zero. All counters reset.

4) Shut-down procedure complete. Reactor safe.

DR. NO turns and removes key from control desk. "Safe" light shows, "Active" extinguishes. Meanwhile BOND has reached the vital fuel element controls on the gantry, and is examining with interest a large notice which says "Danger level 25. Do not insert beyond this point." A large circular dial, calibrated 0-50, reads zero. There is a red line at 25 with the word "Danger" above it. An idea dawns on BOND's face as he gingerly feels the hand-wheels controlling the elements, and sees a slight movement of the dial's pointer as he does so. He is startled by the hand of a TECHNICIAN on his shoulder. He steels himself and reacts casually.

TECHNICIAN motions to him to connect suit to air hose, which he does. Suit inflates.

220. Continued

DR. NO
Remain on stand-by. Approximately two minutes to go.....

VOICES
1) Control rod actuators standing by.

2) Convertors standing by.

3) Radiation zero. Counters standing by.

BOND
(muffled, through face-piece)
Fuel elements standing by.

DR. NO switches on sound at Television.

COMMENTATOR
....and the weather at Canaveral this morning is perfect. One minute fifty-five seconds from blast-off, folks, and I guess all you millions looking in feel just like I do..... Since the announcement yesterday that this, America's first attempt to put a missile into orbit round the moon, was not under any circumstances to be postponed, tension has been building.... until now.....

DR. NO impatiently switches the sound off, leaving the vision. He looks up at the big electric control clock. He raises his hand. All eyes are now on him. He inserts and turns the key. "Safe" out, "Active" on.

DR. NO
(over loudspeakers)
Run to full power! Fuel elements 21.

There is a burst of activity from all OPERATORS as the

220. Continued

clock clicks up to one minute. BOND winds feverishly at the handwheels as thepointer moves 6, 7, 8, 9....

FIST VOICE
(over the general background hub-bub)
Control reds full speed. Temperature 615. Power one point two megawatts.

SECOND VOICE
Ignitrons fired. Convertors fifteen hundred.

COMMENTATOR
....count-down now. One minute.. 50 seconds...45...40...35...30 ...25...20....15...TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN SIX, FIVE, FOUR...

221. INT. REACTOR ROOM. BOND ON GANTRY. DAY

BOND has now wound the element controls up to 22, 25, showing fatigue but fanatical determination as the pointer approaches the red line...CUT TO reactor core, showing elements red hot. MOVING IN, blue light intensifying...

THIRD VOICE
(agitated, almost hysterical)
Radiation 865...920...it's going critical! It's past the...it's running wild!

DR. NO and OPERATOR look startledly at each other, then BOTH look towards gantry. Obviously something is seriously wrong. They rush towards tank, one each side, start to climb to gantry and approach BOND as, almost collapsing, he gets pointer past 25, on to 26. CUT TO reactor core. Fuel elements white hot, blue light very intense, water boiling.

222. INT. REACTOR ROOM. DR. NO ON GANTRY. DAY

COMMENTATOR
(rising to cresando)
TWO! ONE! BLAST OFF!

222. Continued

TV screens show rocket rising from launching pad. A dot oflight on monitor oseilloscope rises in arc, leaving fluorescent track behind it, indicating rocket launching. At this moment all hell braks out in the Reacotr Room. Complete pandemonium as dials jump, liquid comes from burst pipes in streams, breaking up into vivid luminous splashes (effect obtained by "fiery fountain" method).

Large illuminated indicators showing "Danger Radiation" and "SCRAM" flash on and off, general panic.

COMMENTATOR
(over all)
PERFECT. PERFECT DEAD ON COURSE!

DR. NO AND BOND face to face on gantry. DR. NO stops dead in tracks as his eyes meet BOND's and recognise him. With a wild shriek DR. NO leaps at BOND, and fight sequence as in original script commences. EVERYBODY else who is still mobile fights to ready door. A hand pulls down a red switch marked "EMERGENCY". Alarm bells ring. Big "studio" doors have opened but are now closing again.

The fight continues until BOND forces DR. NO backwards onto open rack containing large electronic valves, glowing his hooks come in contact with circuitry, there is a vivid flash, expression of agony as he falls with a terrible scream onto the fuel element carriage, which lowers him slowly, under his own weight, into the boiling, glowing cauldron.

We last see his metallic hands, clawing wildly, until they too disappear.

Nbarly vomiting, BOND turns shakily and begins to descend from gantry as tank overflows and gantry collapses.

223. INT. REACTOR ROOM. DOOR. DAY

The door is closed...or appears to be...but then we see that a DEAD BODY has got wedged in it...keeping it open a bare foot. BOND manages to squeeze through over the stiff.

224. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

BOND is rushing along it frantically, kicking open doors, looking in...dashing out again.

BOND
(screaming against alarm bells)
HONEY! HONEY!

225. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

He is near a reception room. CHINESE NEGRO, panic-stricken dashes past him. BOND smashes him down and grabls him by the throat.

BOND
The girl? The white girl? Where is she? Tell me if you want to go on living...

CHINESE NEGRO
(mad with fear)
I donno boss...I donno...I don't see her...

BOND goes on.

226. INT. RECEPTION ROOM. DAY

SISTER LILY, stuffing one or two articles into a small case, is just about to make a preceipitous exit on the heels of SISTER ROSE through one door as BOND comes through the other. He reaches her in two bounds and grabs the nearest thing he can, which happens to be her heir. He yanks her back. She claws at his face and eyes. He smacks her down. She whimpers.

BOND
(through set teeth)
Where is she?

SISTER LILY
(gabbling)
The room...the same one... I swear.

226. Continued

He yanks her to her feet.

BOND
Lead on.

He pushes her ahead of him.

227. INT. THE CORRIDOR, DAY

They reach the door to the cream suite. SISTER LILY unlocks it with a key from her belt.

228. INT. ROOM. THEIR EYELINE. DAY

HONEY is standing in a pathetic last stance...a bottle of whisky upraised as a weapon. She looks unbelievingly at them...then half collapses.

229. INT. ROOM. DAY

BOND dashes forward and catches her. Being BOND, he also manages to catch the bottle before it hits the floor. Holding HONEY upright with one arm, he pulls the cork with his teeth, takes a huge slug straight from the bottle, throws it aside, sweeps HONEY up into his arms and makes for the door, leaping over the crawling SISTER LILY en route.

DISSOLVE TO:

230. EXT. QUAYSIDE. DAY

BOND carring HONEY. He sees crowds making for various craft. Alarm bells and hooters are adding to confusion BOND realizes futility of trying to fight his way onto a boat with the GIRL. To one side, he sees the TWO DRAGON DRIVERS preparing to start a small outboard motorboat. ONE shoots some panic-stricken labourers who try to clamber in. BOND puts HONEY down. He picks up a baulk of timber. As the DRAGON DRIVERS turn to task again, BOND closes in quickly. He knocks first MAN cold at once. He has to fight the OTHER. Both go over the side and sink.

230. Continued

BOND returns quickly for HONEY, gets into boat... starts...heads for open sea.

231. CRAB KEY. EXT. BOND'S EYELINE AS HE RECEDES. DAY

Thick smoke rising.

DISSOLVE TO:

232. OPEN SEA. BOAT UNDER WAY. DAY

The sun is going down. We are close on BOND and HONEY is in the sternsheets of their boat, which is drifting silently in the middle of what seems to be an empty ocean. BOND is tinkering with the engine, HONEY watching him anxiously.

BOND
(giving up and turning away)
No more fuel.

HONEY
What are we going to do now?

BOND looks at her resignedly, then grins.

BOND
We can either swim, or...
(he eyes HONEY quizzically)

HONEY
(innocently)
Or what?

BOND
Come here and I'll tell you...

He pulls her gently towards him, starts to kiss her. For a moment she is stiff, then she relaxes in his arms. In the distance, unnoticed by either of them, we hear the throbbing of an approaching motor launch. A moment later

232. Continued

a launch draws alongside their boat and LEITER leans over the rail. Behind him a couple of armed POLICEMEN watch with interest.

LEITER
I've brought the Marines...

BOND
(with a wry grin, as he helps HONEY to her feet)
You picked a helluva time to come to the rescue....

THE END